75
B2

MARYGROVE COLLEGE
LIBRARY
DETROIT, MICH.

FAMOUS PICTURES

CENTURY FINE ART SERIES

FOR YOUNG READERS

By Charles L. Barstow

FAMOUS PICTURES. New and revised edition of this popular book. Descriptions of paintings, anecdotes about painters and much information about art history. A chapter on modern art and its leading exponents has been added by the author.

82 Illustrations. Glossaries. Tables. Pronouncing Vocabulary. 12mo. 252 pages.

FAMOUS BUILDINGS. A Primer of Architecture. Containing a brief history of the subject with anecdotes, and descriptions of typical buildings and their characteristics.

96 Illustrations. Glossary. Tables. Pronouncing Vocabulary. 12mo. 253 pages.

FAMOUS SCULPTURE. Descriptions of famous statues, anecdotes of sculptors, and information about the art of sculpture.

110 Illustrations. Glossary of terms. Pronouncing Vocabulary, and brief accounts of mythological characters. 12mo. 250 pages.

MARYGROVE COLLEGE
LIBRARY
DETROIT, MICH.

WILLIAM II OF NASSAU.

From the portrait by Van Dyck.

FAMOUS PICTURES

Noted Paintings Described with Anecdotes of the Painters

BY

CHARLES L. BARSTOW

Illustrated

MARYGROVE COLLEGE
LIBRARY
DETROIT, MICH.

New and Revised Edition

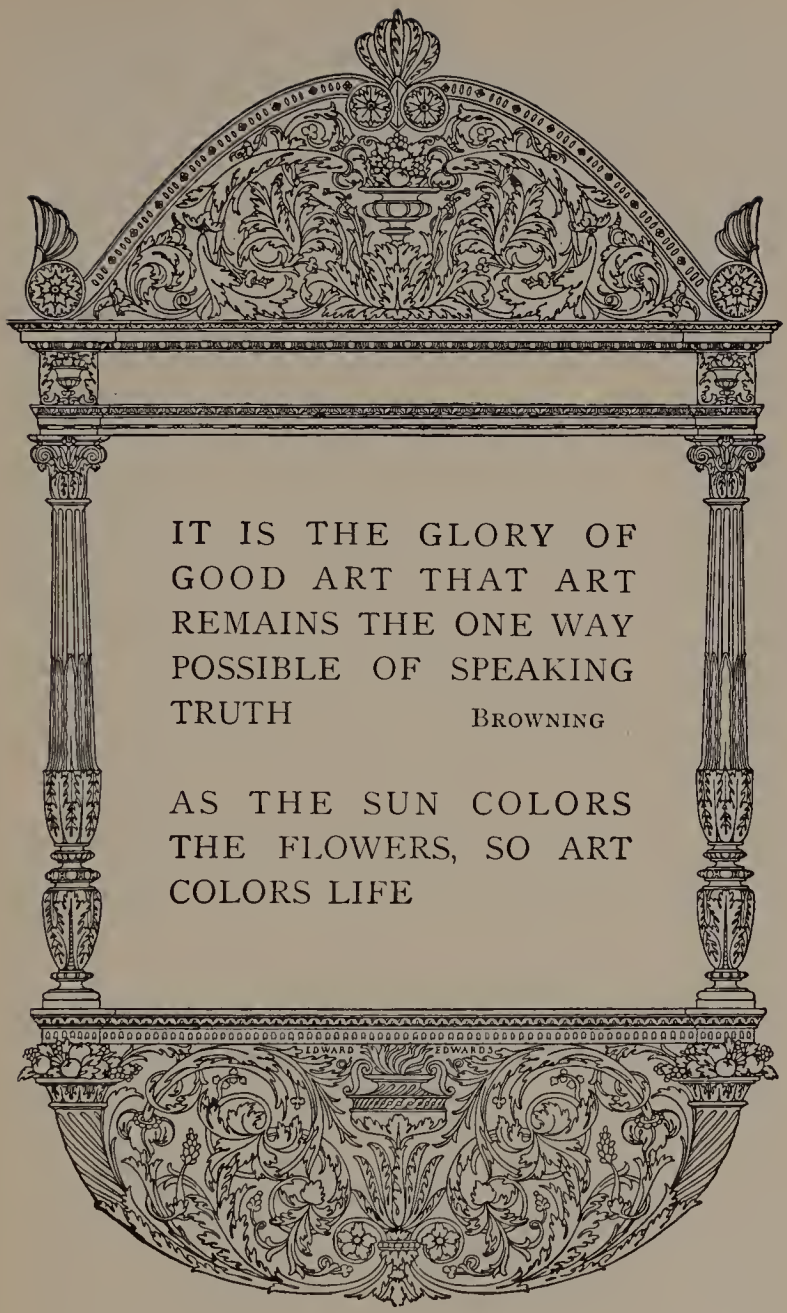
THE CENTURY CO.

New York *London*

COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY THE CENTURY CO.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, INCLUDING THE
RIGHT TO REPRODUCE THIS BOOK, OR
PORTIONS THEREOF, IN ANY FORM

First Printing

PRINTED IN U. S. A.


IT IS THE GLORY OF
GOOD ART THAT ART
REMAINS THE ONE WAY
POSSIBLE OF SPEAKING
TRUTH
BROWNING
AS THE SUN COLORS
THE FLOWERS, SO ART
COLORS LIFE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Introductory	3
The Story of Painting	9
Portraits	14
Pictures of Child Life	32
Animal Pictures	57
Landscape Painting	74
Legendary and Historical Subjects	112
Sacred and Religious Subjects	134
Decoration	177
Genre and Still-Life Painting	200
Modern Art	224
Appendix	233
1. schools of painting	235
2. glossary of technical terms	239
3. chronological table of painters	242
4. list of proper names	245
Index	249

PREFACE

It has been the endeavor of the author to fix the attention of the reader upon the painting itself — to tell something of its qualities as a picture and to impart some little idea of the painter's art. Besides this, there is much collateral interest in the pictures selected — interest directly related to things which every one must sooner or later know. The original paintings have touched the hearts and interested the minds of all classes and conditions of men; and they form one of the great magnets that annually draw a vast army of travelers across seas and continents.

Art is one of the purest and highest elements in human happiness. It trains the mind through the eye, and the eye through the mind.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Art is understood by all civilized nations, while each has a separate language.

Nature will always appear less beautiful than art because art is more accurate than Nature.

PLATO.

A room without pictures is like a house without windows.

RUSKIN.

He who looks at a fine picure looks out of the world of every day into the dreamland of one of the world's seers. For the time he uses not his own eyes, but the mind's eye of a Raphael, a Michelangelo, a Turner, a Corot.

A picture in a gallery may be delightful to look upon, but infinitely more delightful is the art we own ourselves, that we can have when we please, and need not go anywhere to look at.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

Finally, good painting is a music and a melody.

MICHELANGELO.

FAMOUS PICTURES

FAMOUS PICTURES

INTRODUCTORY

A WORD ABOUT PICTURES

Many young people who have a natural love for pictures are discouraged by their elders and by other young people who care nothing for such things.

Yet it is a pathway to true and high pleasure, and it is the person who sees nothing in good pictures for whom we should be sorry. The one who has a natural appreciation of the beautiful should make the most of this gift. Like nearly everything else worth having, a knowledge and love of pictures mean time and study. Yet a very little thought will relieve any one of the necessity of gazing foolishly and ignorantly at a picture, like a baby gazing at a bright object, as some one has described it.

If you see a beautiful lake or sunset or a spot in the country that takes you out of yourself for the time, it will give you much more pleasure if you think of it and try to recall it the next day and for many days, and go and see it again and again.

It will give you still more pleasure if you take notice of the colors and forms as you would if you were going to draw or paint them from memory or as though you expected to describe them to another.

A great picture, like a fine scene in the country, will re-

veal to us something new each time we look at it and study it. And it is surprising how, by trying to draw or remember or describe either pictures or nature, our impressions will become more accurate and our appreciation stronger.

At first, however, the surprise may be to find, upon going back to a scene or picture, how many things are not as we thought they were.

It is excellent practice to take little notes with pad and pencil of the scene or picture as it looks to you. This will fix the general lines and perhaps the general character of what you wish to remember, and if two or more do this together it becomes a fascinating amusement.

President Eliot said, in an address not long ago: "The main object of every school should be, not to provide the children with the means of earning a livelihood, but to show them how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and pleasure. To see beauty and to love it is to possess large securities for such a life." And the same authority also said: "It is undeniable that the American democracy, which found its strongest and most durable springs in the ideals of New England Puritanism, has thus far failed to take proper account of the sense of beauty as means of happiness and to provide for the training of that sense."

It is said that good music often heard will give pleasure even to those who did not like it at first; but heard in the light of some explanation as to its meaning, the pleasure will be doubled. It is much the same with pictures. If we study carefully even such reproductions as can be given in a book or the pages of a magazine and learn

something about what they mean and how they were produced and the ideas they represent, we shall be well started toward some real appreciation of great paintings. Every true and vital thing we learn about any good picture helps us to judge correctly all other pictures.

Color is, of course, the life of paintings, but there are so many things that can be truly observed in prints that by looking at them aright we may learn much that will help us to understand the masterpieces even before we have seen any of the originals.

In reading the lives and anecdotes of the painters we must be struck by the fact that in addition to having the divine gift of genius, these men were great in other respects. They were, for the most part, men whose daily lives are worthy of study and emulation. They were orderly and useful as citizens. Some laid their brushes aside to fight for country. Some took up high public office and discharged their duties with great credit. Some were mayors, diplomats, engineers, builders of great works, and nearly all were good husbands and fathers, kind and helpful to their fellow men, lovable, gentle and honorable in their dealings. Generous they all seem to have been and when wealth became their portion they were philanthropists.

Their greatest gift to the world, however, must ever be the work of their brushes, which remains for centuries to uplift mankind.

HOW A PAINTING IS MADE.

It will be helpful in thinking about famous pictures if we have some idea of how a painting is made. People

who have known a great deal about pictures and who had first visited many galleries have said, nevertheless, that what they learned the first time they visited a studio and saw an artist really at work came to them as a revelation.

The materials are simple. Before the artist is his easel, on which, let us say, rests a large blank canvas; that is, a piece of linen cloth stretched and tacked upon a wooden frame, and prepared to receive the colors.

Usually the artist stands at his work, so that he can readily walk back and forth and view the picture as it will look from some little distance. For this reason the room should be large. The light should come from above.

Near at hand are his colors, put up in tubes; and on his palette, which he usually holds in his left hand, he has squeezed enough of some fifteen or twenty colors to last him through the day. In a dish is a small quantity of turpentine or oil, and very likely a little varnish or some other liquid suitable for "thinning" the colors. Now he has but to take one or more of his brushes, and begin to work.

But you must not suppose that he will begin to paint without any previous thought, even if the picture is to be a portrait and the model is seated before him. There is one important thing he has to do, and that is to think.

We can follow the artist at least a little way in his thoughts, for there are two important things he has always to consider.

Whatever the result is to be, he cannot paint everything in sight. So he must select. Some painters occasionally use a card with a small rectangular hole cut in it through

which they look. Whether they are in the studio or out of doors, they look through this small hole until what they see seems to be about what they wish to paint. They determine in this way how much or how little of the entire scene they will include in their picture. But even from this selected fragment much must be left out. No artist could paint every blade of grass or every leaf on the trees or every hair of a head. He must find a way to suggest the whole without trying literally to put it all in — that is, in every detail. One of the best qualities of an artist is knowing what to leave out.

Another important thing our artist will decide is the arrangement of his scene. If a model is before him, he will seat him in different positions until the result will make a satisfactory picture. If it is a landscape, it may be that a tree or other object must be placed in a different position from the one it occupies in the real scene in order to appear best in the picture. If he followed nature exactly he would not have a picture, but by leaving out much and combining what is harmonious, he produces the effect of nature and makes what is called an artistic picture.

These two principles of selection and arrangement make up "composition." Before beginning to paint, the artist has nearly always settled upon the composition. Usually he makes one or more preliminary drawings for this purpose. If the picture is to be a portrait, a careful drawing of the same size as the canvas is usually made in charcoal, perhaps on the canvas itself, perhaps on a separate sheet for reference.

We cannot follow our artist further in his work just

now, but we may return to him while we are looking at some of our famous pictures to see what he does under certain conditions. For the better acquaintance we get with his ways of working, the better we shall understand the pictures.

Silhouette of J. M. W. Turner. Done at the National Academy while he was viewing a picture. For chapter on Turner see pages 94–102. For mention of silhouettes see page 14.

THE STORY OF PAINTING

The pictures that follow are grouped according to the kind of subject, or according to the different kinds of painting, as they are often divided in histories of art. But in each group, the pictures are given in the order in which they were produced, and, taken in connection with the descriptions of the paintings themselves, show something as to how painting has grown and developed. This will be noticed especially in the section devoted to landscapes.

The two tables which follow, contain, besides the artists whose pictures are given in the book, a few other really great names — names of men whose pictures we could not include because our book must be short.

From these tables we see that up to the sixteenth century only Italy had done much worth noting. Even that was very crude compared with what came soon after. For in the sixteenth century Italy produced all at once a number of the world's greatest men, including Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian and Leonardo da Vinci.

In the seventeenth century other countries produced the great artists. The great Dutch painters, Franz Hals and Rembrandt, the great Spanish painters, Velasquez and Murillo, and the great Flemish painters, Rubens and Van Dyck, were born and did their immortal work. The French, too, afterwards to do so much for art, began to be known in this century through Claude Lorrain and

Watteau. We might call these two centuries, the sixteenth and seventeenth, the Golden Age of Painting.

In the second table we see that during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the scene again shifted, and that France, England and America produced the greatest work, but that there were important men in other countries.

There are reasons, however, why first one country and then another took a leading place in art.

Great painting is likely to be produced where special encouragement is given to it. This usually happens when countries have become rich and prosperous, where there are opportunities for artists to beautify fine palaces, public buildings and princely homes and where the great mass of the people have become educated to a real enjoyment of works of art.

This is not the condition in our own day. "We are 'long' on education here in America," says John La Farge, "but we are 'short' on that culture founded on a feeling for beauty, the first step to the attainment of which is a knowledge of the beautiful pictures that have been created for our delight in the last five hundred years." And President Eliot said in an address to teachers: "Drawing is as necessary, I was going to say, for all the purposes of life, as language; but as a matter of fact, *drawing is a better mode of expression than language.*"

So much has the study of pictures been neglected among us that this seems strange to us. We now think with wonder of those times when all the people of a town would gather about a studio or when thousands thronged

to a church or convent to see a new painting by a master.

The people then knew the meaning and felt the beauty

By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl, New York City

A Cavalier

of great art although they could neither read nor write. They were truly taught by it.

(See the chapter on Meissonier, pages 122–133, of whose work this picture is a well-known example.)

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

PREVIOUS TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

CENTURY	ITALIAN	FLEMISH	SPANISH	DUTCH	OTHERS
XIIIth.	Cimabue 1240–1300				
XIVth.	Giotto 1266–1337				
XVth.	Botticelli 1446–1510	Memling 1425–1495			
XVIth	Raphael 1483–1520				GERMAN
	Da Vinci 1452–1519				Dürer 1471–1528
	Titian 1477–1576				Holbein, the Younger 1497–1543
	del Sarto 1486–1531				
	Michel-angelo 1474–1564				
	Correggio 1494–1534				
	Tintoretto 1518–1595				
XVIIth.		Rubens 1577–1640	Velasquez 1599–1660	Frans Hals 1584–1666	FRENCH
		Van Dyck 1599–1641	Murillo 1618–1682	Rembrandt 1607–1669	Lorrain 1600–1682
		Teniers, the Younger 1610-1632		Ruisdael 1625–1682	
				Hobbema 1638–1709	
				Jan Steen 1626–1679	

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

CENTURY	FRENCH	ENGLISH	AMERICAN	OTHERS
XVIIIth.	Watteau 1684–1721	Hogarth 1697–1764		
		Reynolds 1723–1792	West 1738–1820	
		Gainsborough 1727–1788	Stuart 1754–1828	
			Copley 1737–1815	
XIXth.	David 1748–1825	Constable 1776–1837	Inness 1825–1894	GERMAN
	Corot 1796–1875	Turner 1775–1851	Whistler 1834–1903	Boecklin 1827–1901
	Rousseau 1812–1867	Landseer 1802–1873	Sargent 1856—	SPANISH
	Millet 1814–1875	Holman Hunt 1827–1910		Fortuny 1838–1874
	Puvis de Chavannes 1824–1898	Millais 1829–1896		DUTCH
	Gérôme 1824–1904			Israels 1824–1911

PORTRAITS

It is said that the first portrait ever made was the tracing of a man's shadow cast on a wall. This is a good thing to try for yourself. Sometimes the shadow of a profile will show a good deal of a likeness to the original. The first person who did it no doubt noticed that the shadow resembled, or had something of the character of, the one who cast it.

It is a good practice, too, to try cutting out the profiles of your friends from a small piece of paper. Before photography was invented these silhouettes were often the only family likenesses that people had.

But it is a long way from making a silhouette to painting a good portrait. It was probably only after very many failures that any one succeeded in drawing a good likeness. The earliest drawn or painted portraits were very crude.

If we were to look at a group of photographs of paintings of noted people, never having seen the photographs before, and knowing nothing about the people themselves, we should probably make poor work at first of finding out just what kind of people they were. But it would be an interesting thing to try, and after we had written out what we thought of a number of the portraits we should learn a good deal by comparing what we had guessed with what the real characters were. In many cases where we had been wrong at first we should be

able to see why we had been wrong, and it would be a guide to us in judging other portraits and people.

If an artist were to paint a portrait of the greatest and best of men he would be right to show as much of the man's character in his picture as possible, even if the man himself did not always show his character in his face.

There are artists who would not agree to this. They would say that if the sitter had a defect on one side of his face they would paint that side — they would want it to be just as it really was, for they would be realists, while the man who ignored the little defects that were not essential to the likeness and tried to paint into the picture the true character and inner soul of the man would be called an idealist. We may see something of a mixture of both of these two methods in nearly all pictures and most men have something of both characteristics in themselves. There are as many kinds of artists as there are of other men and the same artist, like the rest of us, will probably not be the same every day. There are a few lines of verse —

> In men whom men condemn as ill
> I see so much of goodness still
> In men whom men pronounce divine
> I see so much of sin and blot
> I hesitate to draw the line
> Where God has not.

To make a portrait there must be great exactness. Everything must be perfectly drawn and in the right place. To produce a good likeness, even without introducing any of the natural color, requires such closeness of observation and such care and skill in working that

many hundreds of hours of hard preliminary work are necessary before one can hope to become a proficient artist.

But besides merely getting a true likeness, there is much more to be thought of in executing a good portrait.

One of the things we look for is the character of the man. As we develop our own characters in life, something of what we are is shown in our faces. If we sit on a platform and look at an audience, or if we watch people passing in the street, we can guess something of their lives by the kind of countenances we see. We often hear such remarks as, "He looks like an actor," or, "How scholarly he looks!" and these are indications of what the occupation of the mind will do to the face. Sometimes we think of a person, "He looks stern and cruel," or of another, "What a benevolent-looking gentleman!" These thoughts show one's conduct and life-work have an effect on his expression of countenance.

In addition to such easy distinctions there are thousands of grades of characters — no two persons look alike, and each has something of his character written in his face. The artist must be able to see what is most like the real man and to put this into his picture.

Besides the features, the posture must be characteristic and the costume suitable, for "the apparel oft proclaims the man." Frequently objects are introduced into a picture especially to suggest something about a sitter; as, for instance, a book if he is a teacher or an author, or a desk if he is a business man. These objects are called "accessories" and are often very important.

WILLIAM II OF NASSAU

By Anthony Van Dyck of the Flemish School

(Born 1599, died 1641)

Turn now to the frontispiece. In the picture of this beautiful boy, who was William II of Nassau, we see a fine portrait by the great Flemish painter Van Dyck. There are the grace, refinement, and distinction which every one who has written of Van Dyck's work has mentioned. There is also the slight touch of effeminacy which we find in so many of his pictures. Despite his armor, this lad does not look like a boy who would care to fight very hard or very long. He would not go out of his way for a quarrel. His amusements would not be of the most strenuous kind, either. His nature seems refined and gentle, almost to girlishness; and Van Dyck has shown the character of the boy so that we feel we could not make a mistake about it.

This great artist won his place among the world's immortals by his portraits. He painted more than thirty of King Charles I, of England, and every one of them is said to be a masterpiece. Most of his portraits were of royal personages or noblemen, and to them all he gave grace and distinction.

He never painted scenes of domestic happiness, but preferred the pomp of the royal court. Even his own intimates he does not portray in their daily occupations. He is full of sentiment, always refined, often tender.

In Van Dyck's paintings we notice that the details are carried out quite fully. Turn again to the portrait of William II of Nassau. Look at the sleeve which shows

Princess Mary Stuart and William II of Orange.
From the portrait in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

the weave so plainly, the braid upon the clothing, and the hair upon the head; each is brought out with minuteness, and yet somehow it does not seem trivial or chromo-like. The "values" are truly studied and rendered, as artists or critics would say. And so now we must try to explain the meaning of the word "values," although it is not easy to do so. One who has never tried to draw may not easily understand, but to make it clear let us say that if you will take a cube or an egg and draw it carefully you will soon see that, to make it look exactly like the original, you must have exactly the right amount of light and shade in exactly the right places. It is the light reflected upon the objects by other objects and by the atmosphere that makes them appear round or square or oval, and one must look very carefully to get the light and shade just right. Everything that is near us is more plainly seen than what is farther away, especially if the latter is partly in shadow. The objects in the foreground therefore have a stronger "value" than those in the background, while between them are many planes and many variations in the strength of light and shadow.

Another way of thinking of these values is by considering the way our artist at the easel usually works them out for himself. He looks at the object and decides what will be his strongest light, or say "high light." If a landscape-scene, this will very likely be a cloud or a spot in the sky which may be, say, mainly yellow and white with a little blue. He takes up his brush and puts in a dab of this tone. Then he studies his scene to find the darkest place. This will not be really *black,* by any means, but perhaps a dark green or a brown *in shadow.*

Then he selects the paints on his palette that will give this color, and puts a dab of that in the proper place.

Look at the portrait by Van Dyck and select what seem to you the highest light and the deepest shade in it. Now all other parts of the picture come somewhere between these two extremes — and this relation expresses *their* "value."

In music any given chord will have a highest note and a lowest note, and all the notes between must be struck correctly together, or we have a discord. In a picture if one place is too dark it is out of harmony, or if too light it is just as lacking in harmony and often seems to pop out of the picture. If, by reading this over, and by trying, in some simple drawing, to get the varying intensity of light in the different parts correct, you can learn to understand clearly the meaning of "values," you will have gained something worth knowing — something that always will be of great assistance to you in judging a picture or painting.

ANECDOTES OF VAN DYCK.

Anthony Van Dyck was born in Antwerp in 1599, of wealthy parents. At fifteen he entered the studio of the great Rubens, who ever after befriended him. At nineteen he became a member of the guild of Antwerp painters, an unprecedented honor for one so young.

There is a good story of how some of the boys employed in Rubens's studio, in looking at one of his paintings they were not supposed to see, accidentally smudged over a part of the wet paint. What to do they did not know, but finally agreed that the young Van Dyck should

try to repair it. The next day Rubens saw that the work had been changed and demanded an explanation. But he was so well pleased with what had been done that he let it stand as Van Dyck had repainted it, and, some historians say, he even declared that the pupil had improved upon his master.

Babie Stuart or Prince Jamie, afterward King James II. This is a celebrated figure taken from a large canvas.

Soon after this, Van Dyck began to have some reputation as a painter and was besought to go to England. He traveled there, and later, by the advice of Rubens, he set out on " the grand tour " through Italy, which every artist considered a necessary part of his education.

He visited the leading cities, and in Venice was so impressed by paintings by Titian and Tintoretto that he was much influenced by their work.

Throughout Italy he was received by the noble families and enjoyed the luxurious living, although he was unpopular among the students. In fact, he was called by them a prig. There was a reason for this, for Van Dyck did not like student ways of living, but preferred the company of his rich patrons. We have spoken of the kind of portraits he painted — portraits of men in rich clothing and laces, members of the aristocratic class. When a trait of this kind runs through all of an artist's work we may look for something of the same sort in his own life.

In Van Dyck's case it is true that he hated everything coarse and vulgar and gave up both his time and his fortune to the elegancies of life. He was early accustomed to expensive living at home and in the home of Rubens, as well as in Italy, where he lived for the most part in the palaces of his patrons.

When he began to have large sums of money he adopted an extravagant scale of entertaining. Kings, princes, and noblemen were his guests, and he surrounded himself with all the splendor and service he could buy.

During his Italian journey he painted over a hundred pictures, and after about six years' absence he returned to Antwerp, where he spent several years, in which his fame grew rapidly. In 1632 he again went to England and painted many of the great people of the time.

It was not to be Van Dyck's fortune to have long life, for he died at forty-one, the last two years probably being marked by failing health.

It is related that he once went to Haarlem to visit Frans Hals, whose work he greatly admired. Hals was

more likely to be at a tavern than anywhere else, and Van Dyck, as we know, did not care for the comradeship of taverns. After waiting in vain and being unwilling to turn back without seeing Hals, he sent word to him that

The three children of Charles I.
From the portrait in the Dresden Gallery.

a stranger wished to have his portrait painted. Hals came, saying he could give but two hours to it. At the end of that time he showed his work to Van Dyck, who expressed his approval, and continuing, said: "This painting seems a simple process. I should like to try what *I* can do with *your* portrait." Hals consented to

exchange seats, and soon saw that Van Dyck knew how to handle his colors. When he saw the result, however, he was amazed, and immediately embraced the stranger, saying: "You are Van Dyck! Nobody but he could do what you have done!"

Van Dyck liked to paint quickly, rarely giving over an hour at any one sitting. When the hour was up he would rise and bow, as much as to say that was enough for that time. In this way he often painted upon several portraits in a day.

His method of beginning was to sketch in the sitter in an attitude he had meditated and decided upon. With gray paper and black and white crayons, he drew perhaps in a quarter of an hour the figure and drapery which he arrayed in exquisite taste. He then turned the sketch over to skilful artists he always had about him who began the painting, putting in the clothes and background. The assistants having done their best, Van Dyck with ease and lightness went over it all, usually doing most of the face himself. Many of the artists of early times — and later too, when their time became valuable and their prices very high, adopted such methods as these to turn out a greater number of canvases. In some cases, and Van Dyck in his later years is one of them, the studio became more like a factory than anything else. Of course the less Van Dyck and the more assistance, the poorer the result.

Yet this very process often made admirable artists of the assistants and it has been said that if the system were still in vogue it might be better for the art of our time.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF VAN DYCK'S PAINTINGS

William II of Nassau.....Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg.
Three Children of Charles I.....Royal Gallery, Dresden.
Cornelius Van der Geest.....National Gallery, London.
Prince of Orange and
Princess Mary Stuart.....Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.
Portrait of Himself.....Louvre, Paris.

PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT

By Rembrandt van Rijn of the Dutch School

(Born 1607, died 1669)

Rembrandt had a rare insight into people's characters. He did not care much for physical beauty.

In his way of putting on the paint and in his wonderful distribution of light and shade in a picture, Rembrandt has never been excelled. He has been called the painter of shadow. His portraits seem bathed in shadow — the figures peeping forth from a mysterious darkness, and yet a darkness in which we can see something. The shadows themselves are transparent, and the longer we look into them the more we seem to see. They provoke our curiosity; and study reveals things we have not seen at first.

Rembrandt had sympathy with humanity. He loved to portray common people and beggars. Besides a picturesqueness in their appearance, he saw also a pathos and poetry in their miserable lives. He not only had an insight into character, but he was a revealer of it as well.

Rembrandt was fond of painting his own portrait, for we have a number of such pictures to choose from. In

One of Rembrandt's portraits of himself.

these he has introduced all sorts of costumes, probably for the fun of painting them. Sometimes he is an officer with a dashing military air; again he wears jewels and ornaments, while sometimes he is a rough country fellow. He was a very accommodating model and did almost anything the artist desired! What the artist thought, he carried out before a mirror!

Nearly every artist has painted at least one good portrait of himself. The Uffizi Gallery in Florence, one of the greatest treasure-houses of art in the world, has a room where portraits of famous artists by themselves are hung, and a most interesting room it is, as you will probably see for yourselves some day.

Nearly all the people who have written about Rembrandt agree that he seemed to be a man of two natures, as related to his painting — the idealist struggling with the realist.

By the realist we understand the painter who is willing to paint things as they are, without regard to their hidden meaning. In portrait-painting this would mean that the artist set down the physical facts, or appearance, of his sitter, just as he saw them.

By idealist, in portrait-painting, we should understand the man who made up his mind what kind of a character his sitter had — what his face showed of the inner soul — and who then made the picture express that kind of a character.

ANECDOTES OF REMBRANDT.

Rembrandt was born at Leyden in 1607, of poor parents; but, humble as they were, they sent him to the Latin

school in order that he might become a worthy and useful citizen. Studying in school was not to Rembrandt's mind, and his tendency toward art soon showed itself.

Man with a fur cap, by Rembrandt. Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg.

He studied art for a time under a master of his native place, and was soon after sent to Amsterdam to learn. Six months later, he returned to Leyden, determined to study and practise painting alone in his own fashion, and kept at it for six years.

When about twenty-four Rembrandt went again to Amsterdam, this time to establish himself. Here two

years later he painted his famous "Lesson in Anatomy," and in another two years he married his wife Saskia, whom he has immortalized in his portraits.

Portrait of Elizabeth Bas, by Rembrandt. Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.

When he was about forty-eight he lost all his property, and for the rest of his life became a sort of wanderer, carrying with him little but what he needed to paint with.

The old home is still pointed out on a quay of the Amstel, where he gathered together a whole museum of paintings, furniture, and beautiful things, and where he lived, full of the joy of living and working, during the

years of his happy family life and while prosperity still smiled.

In the picture of himself we may study values again to advantage. Select the darkest dark and the highest light, and see how between the two extremes are all the quiet values of this wonderful portrait. Also notice how white and strong the highest light is. This we see in nearly all of Rembrandt's portraits. His father was a miller, and there is a story that in his boyhood Rembrandt spent much time in the old windmill, which was quite dark inside, with only a small window near the top. Certain objects in the mill would therefore receive a strong light in one part, rapidly shading into indistinctness. Gazing for hours at a time at these effects in the dim interior, and drawing them over and over, he came to love the brilliant contrast

Principal figures from "The Sortie of the Banning Cocq Company of Musketeers," usually known as "The Night Watch," by Rembrandt. Ryks Museum, Amsterdam. A marvel of lights and shadows.

and to paint into the shadows of his pictures the forms and outlines faintly seen, which now are so loved and prized by the artistic world.

One picture of Rembrandt's is always mentioned — "The Sortie of the Banning Cocq Company of Musketeers"— for by it alone he would have immortalized himself. It represents the musketeers pictured in a rare and wonderful light, and it is one of the most famous pictures in the world. On page 30 is a small reproduction of the part of the painting containing the principal figures.

When first discovered, Sir Joshua Reynolds called it the "Night Watch." The picture was so obscured by the dust of years that it seemed a picture of a night scene.

Rembrandt was also famous as an etcher. There is no one who excels him in this field. He has been called the Prince of Etchers, the King of Shadows, and the Shakspere of Painting.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS

The Angel Raphael.....Louvre, Paris.
The Rat Killer.....Boston Museum.
Philosopher in Meditation.....Louvre, Paris.
Christ at Emmaus..... " "
Sortie of the Civic Guard.....Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.
Man with a Fur Cap.....The Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

For notable portraits in this valume but not included in this chapter, see pages 33, 34, 35, 38, 50, 61, 120, 140, 155, 159.

PICTURES OF CHILD LIFE

Pictures of child life are not essentially different from other pictures as far as the manner of painting them is concerned. It is largely a matter of inspiration, since one is likely to paint what one loves most.

As everybody loves children, so nearly every great painter has done beautiful pictures of child life. We could, if we chose, study the whole world of artists by pictures of children. But here and there one man stands out by reason of his fine portrayal of the delicate bloom and witchery of children.

Children are the type of innocence and brightness. "On the heads of these new-born citizens of life's great city the glory of morning is shed." As Longfellow writes:

> Here at the portal thou dost stand,
> And with thy little hand
> Thou openest the mysterious gate
> Into the future's undiscovered land.

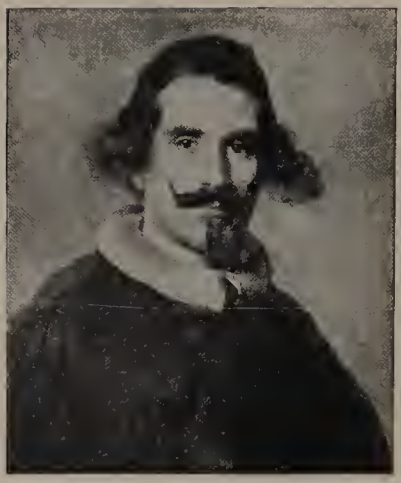
DON CARLOS BALTASAR ON HORSEBACK.

By Diego Rodriguez de Silva Velasquez of the Spanish School

(Born 1599, died 1660)

Don Baltasar, son of Philip IV, was seven when this portrait was painted. His father, the King of Spain,

Don Carlos Baltasar (detail), by Velasquez. Prado Gallery, Madrid.



Portrait of himself, by Velasquez.

rejoiced greatly in the boy, and Velasquez painted his portrait many times. The one given here is the most famous.

"The motive is simple. The boy gallops past at an angle which brings him into the happiest relation to his mount. His attitude is the natural one for the pupil of the best horsemen in Europe. His look and gesture express just the proper degree of pride and delight. Through all this Velasquez has worked for simplicity. . . . The mane and tail of the pony, the boy's rich costume, his flying scarf, and the splendid browns, blues, and greens of the landscape background make up a decorative whole as rich as any Titian," says one critic.

Certain of the great painters are famous for having made advances in the art of painting over all artists who lived before them; one in drawing, another in composition, and others in other directions.

Velasquez was one of the men who made a great advance, and it was chiefly by what is called breadth and simplicity that he gained over previous painters.

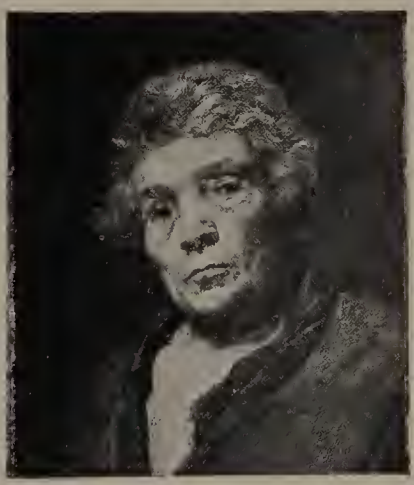
He is called "the painters' painter," that is, the painter whom painters admire. They study his work and his methods, and it has an abiding influence on the best work of to-day.

Let us be sure we understand what we mean by breadth in painting. Every one who writes of Velasquez speaks of this feature in his work. It seems to be the difference between putting every little detail into a picture and giving the essential facts by a few strokes of the brush. In other words, it was his ability to omit details and thus simplify his manner of painting.

Velasquez with the broad strokes of his large brushes could give the real character of the person he was painting better than any picture full of small details could portray it.

He did not acquire this great power all at once, for his early pictures do not show it; but he got it through long years of practice and discovery, and only perfected it in his later years. Like many hard things, it "looks easy." A difficult feat performed gracefully and simply looks easy enough until we try it.

The work of this great master, who could get the likeness of a face with only a few prominent strokes showing, looks as though it had been done carelessly in a few minutes. But we find all the truth there. A lesser artist would make only a senseless blur with such bold work. The lesser artist would need to work out each bit of drawing and point of light be-



Head from the Aesop, by Velasquez. Prado Gallery, Madrid. Remarkable for its subtle harmony with little color.

fore he could learn to simplify a painting like this.

Now such a painting, thus carefully and minutely done, may look true and right to us when we are very near to it. But step back across the room and it will appear flat. It will not "carry" far. That is why the artist in the studio should have room to see his canvas from a distance while he is working at it. He will thus be more likely to avoid the small things and paint so that it may show the effect farther off.

When an artist can paint in the broad, simple manner and yet in his picture tell you just what he wants to express, we may conclude that he has a real mastery of his subject and that what he has done with apparent carelessness he has really done from greater knowledge.

Breadth has an even wider meaning than the one we have described; that is, it applies also to the conception of the picture and the grouping of the masses of light and dark into simple and broad effects.

There is another thing for which Velasquez is noted. He did not use bright colors. He preferred dull ones, but he so skilfully brought out the slighter differences in colors and tones that he produced wonderful harmonies.

Another writer remarks that Velasquez thought it worthier to paint perfectly what the eye sees than to try to paint the vision which the aspiring soul imagines.

From this we may gather that he was more of a realist than an idealist. So are many great painters. While Velasquez's work may not inspire our thoughts as much as that of some others, it is most wonderful in the manner in which it is done and is truly immortal painting.

In looking at this picture notice that the general shape of the space occupied by the horse and rider is that of a pyramid. It is a principle in art that regularity of structure is an element of beauty. This is called symmetry. If something departs from this on one side of a picture, it should be balanced on the other side. Symmetry and balance are words you will often hear in relation to pictures. The picture should not show this *too* plainly, however. If it is too evident, it spoils the very effect sought. The "art which conceals art" must be brought into play.

The work must *appear* to be balanced, however, and if a picture looks wrong, think whether it violates these principles of symmetry. This will often help you to judge a picture.

ANECDOTES AND LIFE OF VELASQUEZ.

Velasquez was born in Seville in 1599, in the same year as Van Dyck. His parents were of noble blood and stood well among their equals. Velasquez worked in the studio of Francisco de Herrera from the time he was thirteen until he was nineteen, when he married the daughter of Pacheco, a painter, who was one of his teachers.

Not until he was twenty-four did any other important event come into his life. At that time a friend, at the suggestion of a powerful minister of state, invited him to Madrid.

Velasquez was here commissioned to paint Don Ferdinand, the king's brother, and later King Philip himself.

Don Carlos Baltasar, Infante of Spain.
From the painting by Velasquez.

How little did they think at court that the portraits which were painted by Velasquez would be about the only thing that would be heard of the king in future ages! Velasquez made the king famous.

For forty years, excepting two intervals, he continued to make numerous portraits of him and of the royal household. The king became a judge of things artistic, admired the painter, and accorded him as much friendship and regard as court etiquette would allow.

Fragment from The Surrender of Breda, by Velasquez. Prado Gallery, Madrid. One of the world's greatest historical paintings.

We are not sure that Valasquez entirely enjoyed his life at court; but he had a fine studio in the palace, a residence in the city, and an allowance of money.

In 1628 he paid a nine months' visit to Rubens. This was an important event to him, for one strong artist always has an influence over another's work. In 1630 he made his first visit to Italy, where, in Venice, he made a close study of the paintings by Titian and Tintoretto. Later he stayed some time at Rome.

After returning from Italy he spent nearly twenty years in uninterrupted employment at the court. We may think that his life was not eventful. It was not, except for progress in his art, but this was the great thing to him. Velasquez left a record of many helpful acts. He befriended Murillo in times of need, obtained free-

dom for his own slave, and showed a spirit of helpfulness throughout his life. We like to read how he was always willing to assist his fellow-artists and even his enemies and rivals.

For nearly two hundred years after his death little was thought of his work; but when other artists began to see how greatly he had painted, his pictures became popular and world-renowned.

He was deeply interested in children, and has been called the supreme painter of child life.

Velasquez was noted for his patience. He never worked from memory or guess-work or "chic" as some artists call it, but always had his model before him. He worked incessantly and never felt tired. As we have said, he did not often use bright colors, but liked the softer grays and has been called the great harmonist. He preferred subtlety to splendor.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF VELASQUEZ' PAINTINGS

Don Carlos Baltasar on Horseback.....The Prado, Madrid.
The Maids of Honor.....The Prado, Madrid.
Portrait of Velasquez.....Capitoline Gallery, Rome.
Æsop.....The Prado, Madrid.
Philip IV.....National Gallery, London.
The Tapestry Weavers.....The Prado, Madrid.
Surrender of Breda.....The Prado, Madrid.

THE BEGGAR BOYS

By Bartolome Estéban Murillo of the Spanish School.

(Born 1617, died 1682)

Southern Europe, with its warm, enervating climate, is noted for its numerous beggars. The traveler is beset by them. Yet they are not likely to be the sullen, threatening kind of beggar who sometimes spoils our walks at home. They are of the picturesque and beseeching kind whose benediction after a small donation seems to help us on our own pathway. The climate promotes idleness, and the children, with their merry ways and good-natured pranks, are hard to refuse.

They often live all day upon a crust of bread, and for a penny can buy fish or fruit enough to make a luxurious repast. They live often in the poorest kind of a cellar or even in doorways. A boy will sometimes spend all his savings to keep a roof over the head of his mother or motherless sister, content himself to sleep wherever night overtakes him.

Besides begging, they are always ready to do a good turn or run an errand. They are a fascinating lot and merry, as we see in the picture. Usually they do not have beautiful faces, but they are happy and good-natured, and their little bodies and limbs are well rounded and modeled on the curves of beauty.

Murillo sketched boys like these for years. Doubtless they comprised a good part of the paintings he made and sold for a song in the public market-place, when he was still very poor.

Among those bright-eyed, nut-brown boys and girls, he

found subjects far better fitted for his canvas than the pale royal children whom Velasquez painted at court. Murillo did not care much for the life that Velasquez led at court, and later refused an offer to paint there. He has been called, by one admirer of his famous work, "The court painter of the poor."

ANECDOTES OF MURILLO.

Murillo was born in Seville and spent most of his life there. His parents both died when he was about eleven years old and he was soon after apprenticed to his uncle, Juan del Castillo, who was a painter of no great fame.

We do not know very much of his early years but it is probable that he was not very well cared for. When he was twenty-three his uncle moved to Cadiz, and for two years after this he was in needy circumstances. It was the custom in those times to hold a fair or market in Seville each week, and besides the fruit, vegetables, and other articles common to such places, the poorer artists used to set up their easels and offer their wares for sale.

There were many artists in those days, and so many more pictures were painted than could be sold at good prices that even some of the better painters came to the fairs. They used to bring their brushes and colors so that they might alter their pictures or even paint them to order. This was the school where the future great man learned many of his lessons. Here, no doubt, he learned to love to paint the little beggar boys whose pictures appear so true to life. These urchins swarmed the streets of Seville, and as painted by Murillo their happy and dirty faces have a charm for all.

The Beggar Boys or The Melon Eaters, by Murillo. Munich Gallery.

There was at about this time a fellow-pupil of Murillo's, Pedro de Moya, who joined the army, and, while away, gave up the pursuit of arms and went to London to study under Van Dyck. When he returned to Seville in about two years he brought back copies of several of Van Dyck's paintings and some others that he had admired. Murillo at once saw the superiority of the new manner of painting and longed to go where he might improve himself. No artist is ever satisfied with his work. He is always looking for improvement and longs ardently for any opportunity for study and instruction.

Murillo determined to make his way to better things. It is related that he said nothing to any one of this intention, but bought some linen and painted several very bright canvases of various popular subjects which he thought would sell readily, in order to get money enough to start on his journey.

St. Joseph and Child, by Murillo.

Murillo set off on foot and arrived first at Madrid, though it was his ultimate intention to go to Rome, where he might see the greatest art of the day. He had an object in going to Madrid, for there dwelt Velasquez, the great master of Spanish painting, then court painter to Philip IV, and in the height of his power and popularity. Some one has said that when he reached

Madrid he had no money, but that he had courage and had learned the useful lesson to depend upon himself. Velasquez received Murillo kindly, liked his appearance and the answers he gave, and offered to take him into his own studio. Murillo accordingly became a resident of Madrid and stayed there for several years.

Adoration of the Shepherds, by Murillo.

From time to time Velasquez would be absent, perhaps with the king, and always upon his return he was astonished at the progress Murillo had made. Finally Velasquez suggested that Murillo proceed to Rome, and promised him letters to great folk. But by that time Murillo had changed his mind and did not wish to go away from Spain. Instead of going to Rome, he returned to Seville in 1645.

Soon after, he received a commission to paint a series of life-size pictures for a small convent. It was not a coveted commission, for there was little pay. However, it gave Murillo an opportunity to show what he could do. The next three years saw him at work upon these paintings. The pictures were a great success, Murillo's reputation was established, and from that time on he could not keep up with his orders.

The work which he did showed the influence of his

master Velasquez and of the Van Dycks he had studied and copied, but it did not look like the work of either of them nor like that of any of the others he had studied. He had developed a peculiarity — a style of his own, which all who saw admired.

A Spanish flower girl, by Murillo.

With his success his resources grew and he prospered. He was admitted to the best society of Seville, married a wealthy and noble wife, and soon became a power in the art world. Indeed, he became the head of the Seville school of painting. As a school it did not make great progress at the time. Murillo's attempt to form a great academy was not very successful. He was of a gentle nature and attracted every one to his person, but he was not able to organize his pupils.

It is said that some of his works were seen by King Charles II, who wished him to visit England, and tried to bring it about. But Murillo did not covet a position at court. There are people who prefer being themselves in quiet and retirement to being obliged to give up their best impulses and talents for the sake of riches and fame. Perhaps Murillo was one of these. At any rate, the incident will throw light upon his character.

Certain it is that he loved Seville better than any other

place, and, aside from his stay in Madrid, he never left it but once, and then only to execute a commission to paint four pictures at Cadiz.

Late in life he met with a fall from a scaffold, and thereafter never did active work. It is said he used to sit for hours in front of a large picture that he loved, painted a century before he was born.

When he felt that he was dying he sent for a notary to make his will; but he did not even live to finish it, so quietly and stealthily came the last messenger.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF MURILLO'S PAINTINGS

The Melon Eaters (or the Beggar Boys).....Munich Gallery.
St. Anthony of Padua.....Berlin Gallery.
Virgin and Child.....Pitti Palace, Florence.
The Children of the Shell.....Prado, Madrid.
The Immaculate Conception.....Louvre, Paris.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

By Sir Joshua Reynolds of the English School

(Born 1723, died 1792)

"The Strawberry Girl," which was exhibited in 1773, was considered by Reynolds himself as one of his best and most original pictures. He has said that it was one of his half-dozen original pictures, a number which few can exceed in a life's work.

The model was the artist's little niece, Miss Theophila ("Offy") Palmer, who came to visit him in London.

Miss Palmer, like Reynolds himself, came from the

The Strawberry Girl, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Hertford House, London.

countryside of Devonshire, England, long before the time of railroads and trolleys.

The old village where the family lived was a place of peace and quiet, and it is easy to see why Sir Joshua liked to paint her as a little village maiden.

In the picture her big eyes are lifted to ours half timidly, but she seems ready to smile if encouraged. There is a feeling of old-fashioned dignity about her artless pose and the way in which her hands are folded.

The strawberries are probably in the basket, and we can imagine her whole day's work and play from the glimpse we have of her — how she would behave at school and how she would go about her little tasks.

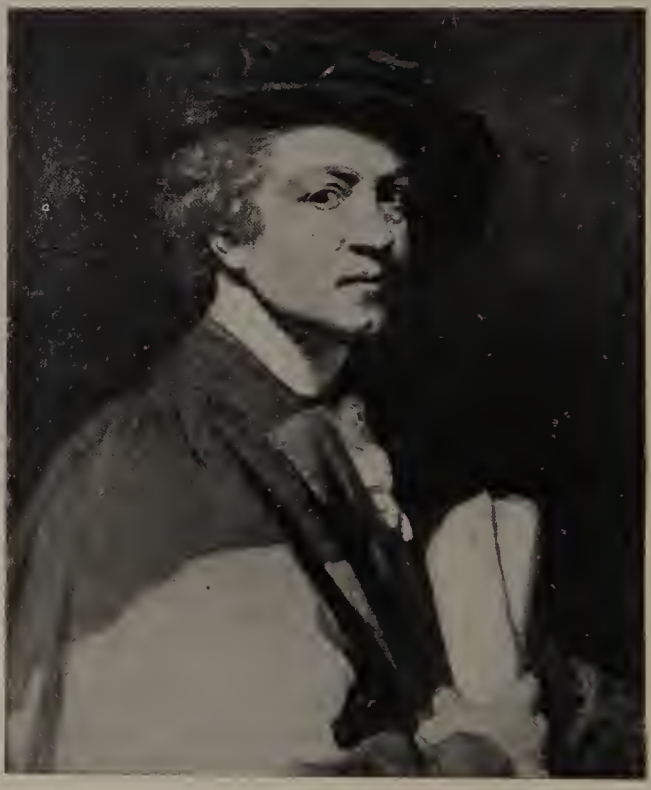
It almost seems as though he painted, not a child whom he saw before him, but the essence of childhood which he saw shining through and was able to catch and keep for us.

Reynolds was eminent as a portrait-painter, but his work is never reviewed without special mention of his portraits of children. In these he seemed to see farthest into the heart. "If it were only for his love of children," writes one, "and his power of interpreting the fascination of childish beauty, he would still amply deserve the fame he has won."

Miss Palmer, simple as she looks as the model in the picture, was destined, at her uncle's house in London, to meet the fashion and intellect of her time. Sir Joshua loved her as a daughter, and later on, when his eyes were disabled, she read to him and helped him in other ways. One of his friends afterward became her husband; and the model for another of Sir Joshua's most famous child

pictures, "Simplicity," was no other than the daughter of "The Strawberry Girl." More than that, she lived to be ninety, "cheerful and affectionate to the last."

Doubtless the great painter loved children well, and



Portrait of himself, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

though this will account for much, it is probable he also kept in his age something of the boy heart of his own childhood, and was able to remember how he felt about the things of early life.

ANECDOTES OF REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, in 1723. His father was a clergyman, but wished Joshua to be an apothecary.

The Age of Innocence, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. National Gallery, London.

At seventeen Joshua had overcome the objections to his becoming a painter and had gone to London to study art with Hudson, a popular artist of that day. The pupil soon outstripped his master, and this led to their separation.

After only about two years in London, Reynolds returned to his home and set up as a portrait-painter. He began at Plymouth, where he obtained work at once, painting about thirty portraits with good success.

When he was twenty-five, Commodore Keppel, a friend of his, invited the young man to accompany him to the Mediterranean, whither he was going in his own ship. From Rome, Reynolds wrote: "I am now at the height of my greatest wishes, in the midst of the greatest works of art the world has produced."

Mrs. Jameson says that Reynold's pictures are "Italian music set to English words."

Reynolds worked hard in Rome for two years or more, copying and studying the old masters. Here, in the cold and drafty halls and galleries, he contracted the deafness from which he ever afterward suffered. Of all the masters he admired Michelangelo the most, and the work of that master inspired and influenced him all his life.

Afterward Reynolds went to Venice and spent another year in Italy, studying Titian and Tintoretto, famous for their beautiful color. He said that he had to change all his ideas and become as a little child and learn the truth from all these great Italian masters.

Returning to London, he worked for more than thirty years with uninterrupted success. He painted very rapidly, frequently finishing a portrait in four hours. It is believed that over three thousand canvases came from his brush. He is said to have related that at one time, when he was receiving only about £30 (or $150) for a portrait, his income was £6000 (or $30,000) a year.

His life was full of honors, too. In 1768 he was elected president of the Royal Academy by acclamation and was knighted by King George III.

The Child Samuel in Prayer, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In his sixty-sixth year he lost the sight of one of his eyes while he was at work upon a canvas, and in a few weeks his sight was totally gone.

As president of the Academy he delivered a series of "Discourses," which are still valued by art students. The final discourse was delivered in December, 1790, and

after a long illness he died and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in February, 1792.

It is said that Dr. Samuel Johnson, who lived at the same time and was intimate with Reynolds, added some polish to the "Discourses"; but Johnson himself said: "Sir Joshua Reynolds would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him."

One of his great portraits was that of Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, as the "Tragic Muse." Mrs. Siddons was then in the height of her beauty, as of her glory. The king said of her: "She is the only real queen; all others are counterparts." Mrs. Siddons's account of the portrait is that Sir Joshua bade her "ascend her undisputed throne and bestow upon him some idea of the Tragic Muse." The pose she assumed so well satisfied him that it was never altered.

Sir Joshua was anxious to learn how the old masters painted their pictures and how the rich colors were attained. It is said that he even scraped off the paint from some that he owned in his attempt to find out. He was constantly trying new ways of mixing paint, and artists to-day find that many of his works are cracked and injured by the bad mixtures he made.

The character of this artist is one we like to read about. There were many men living in London in that time whom the world has not forgotten — men like David Garrick, the great actor; Oliver Goldsmith, the famous author; Samuel Johnson, maker of a great English dictionary; Burke, who made the great speech on America; Gibbon, the historian; Sheridan, author of "The Rivals"; and these men were such great friends that they

used to meet together very frequently. One of them was Sir Joshua Reynolds, and much of his conversation and numerous incidents of his life are preserved to us

Cherubim or Angels' Heads, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. National Gallery, London. These show different views of the same beautiful face.

in the biographies of the day. Let us remember, too, that at the same time Reynolds lived there lived in America George Washington and Benjamin Franklin and Lafayette; and in Europe lived Goethe, Frederick the

Great, Mendelssohn, Voltaire and Mozart. He was a kind-hearted gentleman, ever eager to serve others, and many are the chronicles of his goodness. He liked to write, and early composed some rules of conduct. One of these was: "The great principle of being happy in this world is not to be affected by small things."

Goldsmith wrote of him:

> His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
> His manners were gentle, complying and bland.
> Still born to improve as in every part,—
> His pencil our faces, his manners our hearts.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' PAINTINGS

Angel Heads.....National Gallery, London.
Lady Cockburn and Children.....Owned by A. Bick, London.
Dr. Johnson.....Rosebury Collection.
The Age of Innocence.....National Gallery, London.
Mrs. Siddons as The Tragic Muse.....Grosvenor House.
Portrait of Himself.....Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
The Strawberry Girl.....Hertford House, London.
Duchess of Devonshire and Child.....Chatsworth, England.

For other pictures of child life in this volume but not included in this chapter, see pages 18, 21, 23, 132, 147, 152, 159, 168.

ANIMAL PICTURES

Next to our own friends and relatives, animals are nearest to our hearts. Nearly every household has its dog, or cat, or bird. The usefulness and beauty of the horse, the faithful friendship of which a dog is capable, are proverbial.

In a corner of one of the finest parks in London is a cemetery where little city pets may be buried, and where many interesting monuments have been erected. In another similar place is an epitaph, "Our Sydney. Born a dog, lived like a gentleman, died beloved."

We cannot wonder that many artists have chosen to paint only animals.

If you will try to make a drawing of your favorite dog or cat, you will find that they do not keep still long at a time. To draw a dog or horse in action is not easy, yet the skilful artist can suggest this action far better than any instantaneous photograph can. Among the great pictures by animal painters we find battle scenes, hunting scenes, and many others in which animals play a part.

Cattle have been a favorite subject with some of the greatest artists. Paul Potter's "Bull," a very big canvas which hangs in the gallery at The Hague, is one of the world's famous paintings.

Then there are the lions and tigers by Delacroix, and the wild and domestic animals by Gérôme and Rosa Bon-

heur, to name only three great French painters who have given much of their time to depicting animals.

SUSPENSE

By Sir Edwin Landseer of the English School

(Born 1802, died 1873)

Almost any picture by Landseer might be called a "famous picture," for his popularity has hardly ever been rivaled. His pictures, by means of the engravings made of them and circulated far and wide, are known

Suspense, by Sir Edwin Landseer. So. Kensington Museum, London.

and cherished in thousands of homes in England and America. They are pictures that touch the heart.

Like most of Landseer's works, the one we have here, "Suspense," tells a story. Perhaps you have heard that pictures that tell a story are not good art. Many people, especially artists, are inclined to think little of such pictures. This is because they are chiefly interested in the method of putting on the paint, the technical side of the picture, the side which we spoke about in connection with Velasquez's painting.

This technique, or "how it is done," is, of course, very important, and an artist may naturally feel jealous of introducing outside interest, such as stories, or "morals," or hidden meanings, into paintings; but we find that great artists have frequently done it, and we know that many pictures make their strongest appeal to people just because they do tell a powerful or affecting story, or awaken emotions that stir the heart. And even those who complain that Landseer's paintings are story-telling pictures, admit that he had also fine technical ability.

Not only the poor in their cottages, but the great men of the time, loved these works of Landseer. Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray were all warm friends of the artist, and ardent admirers of his pictures. And so, if we feel that we like them all the better for the stories they tell, let us go on liking them.

All this time the beautiful dog has been waiting in "Suspense." See if you can guess for yourself what gives him that look of loving anxiety. It must be something about his master, for only the dog's master

ever causes him real concern. We have all had a dog for a friend, and we know how faithful he can be. We know how he mourns when we go away, how happy he is when we return.

So this dog was a true friend of his master, although shut out of the room where he was.

The master has been brought home wounded, and lies groaning beyond the closed door. If we could see the original picture, the blood-stains on the floor would lead us to guess this.

As we look at the heavy door studded with nails, we think that the room is in some great castle, and that the master is a nobleman. The gauntlets on the table and the plume on the floor suggest those medieval times "when knights were bold and barons held their sway."

Our dog's master may have been off hunting, or he may have been wounded in battle, but it is all the same to the dog. He never questions the right or wrong of our acts, even when we are unjust or severe with him, and we know that whatever happens to the master, the dog will always be true.

Landseer had a peculiar power over dogs, as one is likely to have over things that one loves. He once said they loved him because he had peeped into their hearts.

He sometimes represented them in humorous scenes, but he reached his greatest success in showing pathos and dramatic power, as in Suspense.

Portrait of himself, by Sir Edwin Landseer.

Dignity and Impudence, by Sir Edwin Landseer.

ANECDOTES OF LANDSEER.

Landseer was born in London, in 1802, and his father, who was an engraver, took a keen interest in his art education. Like many great artists, Landseer was not a good student at school, "always running away from his teachers, and always drawing." But his drawings were worth while — perhaps partly because his father encouraged him in doing them, and was able to understand and appreciate the boy and his work.

Some of his earliest sketches are preserved in the South Kensington Museum at London. Many of them were made when he was only six or seven years old, and at eleven, he won the prize of the silver palette of the Society of Arts for the best drawings of animals.

At thirteen, he was allowed to exhibit two pictures in the Royal Academy, and the following year he entered the Art School, where he became a favorite pupil. As early as the rules would allow, he was made an associate of the Royal Academy, and his pictures met with ready sale.

He bought a house at No. 1 St. John's Wood Road. Here he lived the remainder of his life, nearly fifty years, and here he entertained his hosts of friends. For he was of a happy and companionable disposition. He used to call his studio his workshop. It was visited by the élite of London society, and by men of wit and talent.

Landseer was very modest. He once said, "If people knew as much about painting as I do, they would

never buy my pictures." It is also said that he was never envious or jealous of other painters.

Most of his pictures were of animals. One of his friends used to say, as he opened the studio door, "Keep your dogs off me," meaning the pictures that were scattered about. He was a very rapid worker, and remarkable stories are told of the swiftness with which he executed his paintings. Some important works he is said to have finished in a few hours. He spent a good deal of time in thinking out his pictures beforehand. It was his custom to place an empty canvas on his easel, and then, before he touched a brush, to decide not only what was to be painted, but how it was to look when completed. It is a very good plan, not only for painters, but for all people who are making things or doing things, to first see in their minds the finished products as they wish them to be when they are done.

A story related of Landseer tells of his once doing two pictures at a time. Some one had been remarking upon his rapid work, when a young lady said that at least he could do only one at a time. Then and there, Sir Edwin, taking a pencil in each hand, drew with one a stag, and with the other a horse.

Among his greatest admirers were Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, who sometimes used secretly to give him commissions for paintings designed as presents for each other. Once the queen rode unannounced to his house, and sent for him to accompany her on a ride. Another incident connected with royalty occurred when he was introduced to the King of Portugal. "I

The Horse Fair, by Rosa Bonheur. Metropolitan Museum, New York.

am so very glad to meet you," said the king, "for I am very fond of beasts." In 1850 the order of Knighthood was conferred upon him, and in 1865 he was elected president of the Royal Academy.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF LANDSEER'S PAINTINGS

Suspense.....South Kensington Museum, London.
Sleeping Bloodhound.....National Gallery, London.
The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner.....
.....South Kensington Museum.
High and Low Life.....National Gallery, London.

THE HORSE FAIR

By Rosa Bonheur of the French School

(Born 1822, died 1899)

This picture, painted by the artist when she was thirty years old, is, by general consent, called her masterpiece. It is sixteen and a half feet wide by seven feet nine inches high, and is said to be the largest canvas ever produced by an animal painter. It hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, having been purchased for $55,500 and presented to the museum in 1887.

The scene represents something quite different from what we understand by a horse-fair; probably horse market would describe it better to us. The magnificent animals pass before us at a trot, kicking up the dust under their feet. They have probably just reached the market, and there seems to be an inclosure, perhaps a speeding ground, at the back, to which they are being hurried. There are fine trees at the right, under which

An Old Monarch, by Rosa Bonheur. In a private collection.

dealers and spectators are taking their places. Far at the left in the distance, and obscured by the dust, is the dome of a church. In the center of the canvas are horses, brown, sorrel, and gray, and several grooms attending them, one of whom is nearly carried off his feet by the mettlesome beast. The horses are neither saddled nor bridled, but are controlled by halters with rope bits.

As you look at the painting, or even at a reproduction of it, the first impression is that it is a scene taken from real life. Rosa Bonheur was a realist, yet she was a realist with a great deal of imagination. She went to nature for the truth of her productions, but did not ignore the requirements of art. Notice in the picture the irregular arrangement of the horses, their different positions and movements, which, "like the different spots on their coats, are so placed as to balance one another, giving that variety and contrast so restful to the eye." This is an important element in the composition of a picture.

These things show plainly the technical, artistic skill which can produce a grand and harmonious whole. The free and vigorous work of the brush gives additional evidence of the strength of execution of which

the artist was capable. There is a strong, spirited touch and powerful drawing.

When the painting was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1853, it was a matter of general wonder that any woman should possess the power to accomplish such a vigorous work — one of which but few men could have been capable. It attained an immediate success, and was awarded all the honors of the Salon, and Rosa Bonheur was declared exempt from future examination by the Jury of Admission.

It did not, however, find a purchaser. Later on, it was exhibited at Ghent, and again failed to sell. In 1855, the artist sent it to her native town of Bordeaux, and offered to sell it to the town for $2400. When, at this time, a dealer offered to buy it to take to England, she said: "I wish my picture to remain in France, but if my countrymen will not buy it, you may have it for $8000." Thus it happened that the picture went traveling over England, while Landseer made an engraving from a quarter-size copy, or replica, which the artist painted. This smaller painting was afterward purchased and presented to the National Gallery in London, where it now hangs. Another still smaller copy was sold in England for $20,000.

A Shepherd's Dog, by Rosa Bonheur.

Very many engravings, photographs, and other reproductions of the painting have been made, and are still being made, and, in one form or another, almost every one interested in pictures has seen it.

It is plain, at even the first glimpse of the picture, that the artist knew what she was doing; that her work grew out of thorough knowledge. This she had acquired by work, work, work — the kind of work that could never be endured but for love of the work itself. She says herself: "I love to catch the rapid motions of animals — the reflection of light and color on their coats, their different characteristics. Therefore, before undertaking the study of a dog, a horse, a sheep, I tried to become familiar with the anatomy of each of them. Another excellent practice is to observe the aspect of plaster models of animals, especially to copy them by lamplight, which gives more distinctness and vibration to the shadows. I owe all that I know to such patient conscientious exercises."

This knowledge of anatomy, which would be neglected or half understood by a merely ordinary artist, was of the greatest value to her. It enabled her to show the structure of her animals — it made the difference between greatness and mere excellence. The result was worth while, although it took this determined woman to unpleasant places and among disagreeable people, and subjected her to annoyance and insult. There was no movement of the muscles, no slightest change in expression, no action of alertness or intelligence, no motion showing the animal's intent or disclosing its peculiarities, that escaped her. With

this knowledge and her skill in execution as a foundation, she was able to work out her great ideas.

ANECDOTES OF ROSA BONHEUR.

Rosalie Marie Bonheur was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1822. Her father was a painter who had in his youth taken high honors at the exhibitions of his native town. Rosa was the eldest of four children. She was active and impetuous, and not fond of study. She disliked her books as much as she loved nature. Her chief delight was to play in the fields, to draw, and to experiment with the wet clay in her father's studio.

When Rosa was seven, her father removed to Paris in the hope of improving his fortunes. When she was eleven, her mother died. Then for two years she was put to school with two of her sisters. Here her love of outdoor life led to many reprimands.

Her father, having married again, apprenticed Rosa to a seamstress in order that she might learn to make a living. As we can quickly guess, this was a sort of slavery to such a girl as Rosa. When her father came to visit her, she would throw herself into his arms and beg to be taken away. Being too fond of her to see her suffer, he next found a place for her in a boarding-school. This delighted Rosa at first, for she quickly made friends and enjoyed the freedom from the work which she disliked. But it was hard for her to study. She preferred to make drawings and caricatures of the teachers. These were well done and often colored, and the teachers, although they were obliged

to punish the poor girl continually, kept them carefully in an album, where, it is said, they show them to this very day.

One thing, however, clouded her pleasure while at the school: her father was still very poor, and the cheap calico dresses which Rosa was obliged to wear looked shabby beside the handsome gowns of the rich men's daughters who were her schoolmates. They had plenty of pocket-money, and the difference was very plain to the sensitive child. But it developed her character quickly. For it is said that even then she determined she would "rather *be* something than *have* something." The school itself, however, was not a happy place to her, and finally her father saw that it was best to take her home.

She now spent her days in her father's studio, happy in copying everything she saw him do. As long as she had a pencil or a piece of clay in her hands, she needed nothing more to amuse her. Here she began to have longings for the career that was to be hers, and the

Ploughing in the Nivernais, by Rosa Bonheur. Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

Deer in the Forest, by Rosa Bonheur. Metropolitan Museum, New York.

restless idleness of early school-days was transformed into a life with a high purpose. Her father helped her to improve in drawing, and she, in turn, helped her father by working on the drawings which he made for publishers. So untiring was her zeal, and so rapidly did her work improve, that it was soon plain to her father that her true happiness lay in art.

It was almost unheard of in those days for a woman to engage in painting. It was looked upon as unwomanly, and the friends of Bonheur did everything to dissuade him from allowing his daughter to embark upon such a career. But Rosa's own determination alone would have been hard to overcome, even if her father had not nobly stood by her. He gave her his best in the thorough training he was able to supply. He did not keep her always at work upon the drawings he so much needed to make in order to provide for his now large family, but sent her to the Louvre to copy. These copies were so good as to attract the notice of many of the people who saw them, and naturally this deepened her love of art and her ambition to succeed.

In her studies she was sincere and thorough, and,

like all great artists, her desire was for truth. She was fond of all kinds of animals, and her studio and home were always full of them.

When success came, her greatest happiness was in sharing it with her father, whose encouragement had been everything to her.

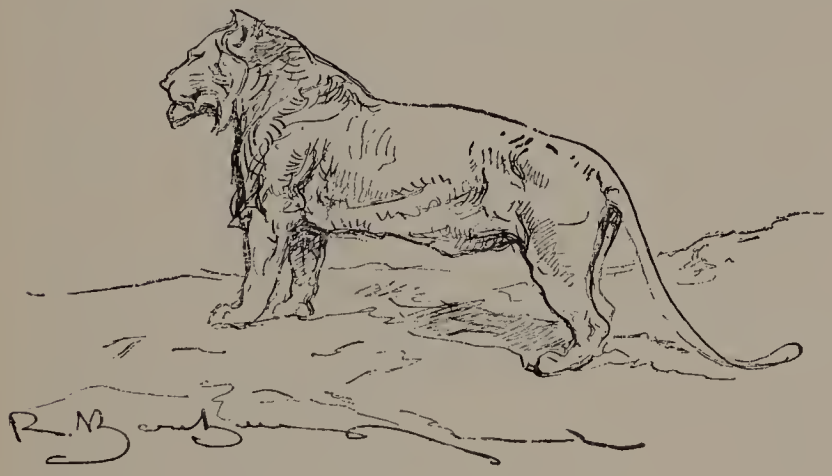
Every one knows that Rosa Bonheur sometimes donned the clothing worn by men, and at the time she was living and working, many people were ready to say that she did it to attract attention. Now that she is dead, and the petty jealousies that her success caused are forgotten, she is no longer censured for this. When she planned her great picture, "The Horse Fair," she knew she would have to make her sketches in and about the horse markets and on step-ladders, and she decided to wear men's clothes for convenience. She was a woman of great power and ability, and her costume helped her work, by making it easier for her to go about. She should not be judged in the same way as we would judge any one who might do it merely to be peculiar.

In 1855, she visited England, where her work had made her famous. She had now received honors and acquired fortune. She moved from one studio in Paris to a larger and a larger one, as her requirements and wealth increased, until finally she purchased a fine estate at By (pronounced Bee), near the forest of Fontainebleau, where she could find settings for her pictures in endless variety. At this château, surrounded by Newfoundlands, Spaniels, St. Bernards, sheep, goats, cows, lions, boars, rare birds, deer, gazelles, elk, indeed

a menagerie of animals for models, she was destined to live for nearly fifty years. Here she led a happy life, rich in honors, retired from the world, receiving only a few intimate friends now and then, and, as she herself said, "working my very best."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF ROSA BONHEUR'S PAINTINGS

The Horse Fair.....Metropolitan Museum, New York.
Plowing in the Nivernais.....Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.
Haymaking in Auvergne.....Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.
Deer in the Forest.....Metropolitan Museum, New York.
Weaning the Calves.....Metropolitan Museum, New York.
An Old Monarch.....Private Collection.
Sheep in Repose.....Wallace Collection, London.



LANDSCAPE PAINTING

The "Old Masters" seldom painted a landscape except as a background for figures. Now it has become one of the most important divisions of painting and there seem to be more landscapes than figure subjects put on canvas.

In the early days people probably cared less for nature than we do. We have studied her more and know more of her secrets. Then, too, we feel the need of her soothing and healing influence in these hurrying, rushing times more than they did in the sixteenth century.

So as we follow the history of landscape painting we notice that the early works were crude and flat. As men began to take up landscape painting as a separate work, the representation of nature upon canvas became better and better. Trees and foliage became less stiff and conventional and pictures of nature began to live. At length some one discovered that he could paint the atmosphere and atmospheric effects.

These interpreters of nature by their profound study, were able finally to faithfully reproduce the most fleeting aspects of earth and sky and thrill the beholder almost as nature herself would do.

Thus to communicate to others the feelings he has had in working and to make others see as with his own eyes is the wish and triumph of the artist.

We must not suppose that the early masters knew nothing of nature. Very little escaped those wonderful observers. Leonardo da Vinci, in his "Treatise on Painting," at the beginning of the sixteenth century speaks of the "transparent medium interposed between the eye and bodies" and of how the color and appearance of distant objects is changed by the air, that, "like a veil, tinges the shadows."

But somehow they did not get the results that the later landscape men, by earnest study, have given us. In this department of painting the moderns have outdone the ancients; men living among us to-day can work marvels which Michelangelo and Raphael never attempted.

By an example of Claude Lorrain, followed by one of Constable, one of Turner, and one of Corot, we shall be able to trace, to some extent, the progress of this branch of painting, now so highly esteemed.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE

By Claude Lorrain of the French School

(Born 1600, died 1682)

When you look at this picture I think you will feel at once that it is well named. It does not look like any castle you would see nowadays. If you should find such a building you would expect to see driveways leading to it and well-kept grounds instead of the wildness and neglect shown in the picture.

It is more like what you might dream about as a castle in fairyland where some princess is imprisoned, awaiting her deliverer.

It is surrounded by many of the beauties of nature. There are fine trees, and on the shore a woman sits musing and looking across the waters beyond. It seems solitary. You would not wish to live there without plenty of companions.

And you would be right in thinking there never was just such a place in reality, but only in some one's vivid imagination. You might find something nearly like it in the Swiss or Italian Lakes — but with a difference — the difference between something real and something ideal.

The artist was a hard student and painted and sketched without ceasing, directly from nature herself, but when he came to paint a picture he built it up from parts of many separate places, so combined as to produce beautiful effects such as we see in the one selected.

When pictures are painted in this way, without reproducing any particular place, they are sometimes spoken of as generalized.

Look at this well for it is a type you should learn to recognize. When you see such pictures you may safely conclude that they are Claude Lorrain's or imitated from him, for he was the first to produce them. The skies and trees in all are similar.

When Claude paints a tree, he does not intend to copy a tree exactly as he sees it but to make it more perfect than the original. If there are dead limbs he leaves them out, although we have all noticed how picturesque old and dead or twisted trees often are. It is thought that the reason he avoided these accidents was because they would attract attention too strongly and interfere

The Enchanted Castle, by Claude Lorrain.

with the quietness and repose which he endeavored to put into his work.

He was convinced that to take nature just as he found it would never produce beauty and so, as Sir Joshua Reynolds writes of this man's work: "His pictures are a composition of the various drafts he had previously made from various beautiful scenes and prospects." Being the first man to create ideal scenes in this way, and his principle of generalization having been followed ever since, he is often spoken of as "the father of modern landscape art." Moreover he was among the first to give all his time to landscape work.

You will notice in studying this picture that it is not purely a landscape, for the artist has introduced other things, namely, a castle and figures. This is the case in all his pictures and of those of many of his imitators. In some cases the castles and columns occupy most of the picture, and the fact that these are nearly always of a classical style of architecture has led people to speak of his pictures as classical.

However, this is not what is meant technically by classical painting. Classical painting rather refers to the manner in which the painting is done. Anything which is done very carefully, and exactly following rules laid down by predecessors in art is called classical. But it is correct enough in another sense to call a work classical because it has a classical subject, as in the case of Claude's paintings.

The castles lend something of stateliness and dignity to the pictures and are a part of them. They belong there. If you place your thumb over the castle you

will see that the whole picture has lost its life. Do this several times, comparing the effect when the castle can be seen and when it cannot.

The figures add still more life to the effect, and, as they are usually intended to represent some character in Greek or Roman mythology, they stamp a still more classical character upon all that Claude did. The figures are not as well painted as the rest of the picture, for though he labored long and hard, drawing for years from the figure, he never became able to do it easily and naturally. It was difficult for him and the result showed it. When a painter has so mastered any given thing that he can paint it almost without trying, it will be done with much fewer strokes than when the artist must study each detail in order to get the desired effect. This we have seen in Velasquez's work. Claude knew that he could not do his figures as well as the rest of his work but he felt they had a place there, and, as they were part of his conception as to what a great painting ought to be, he was right to put them there. He used to say that he sold his landscapes but gave away the figures.

But there is one thing which Claude did better than his predecessors and that was the painting of atmosphere.

Between us and every object, no matter how near, there is air. The air is illuminated, or rather the particles that float in it, and each of these particles reflects some little point of light.

We speak of a clear day and of a hazy day. Now in a hazy day there are more particles in the air and even

near objects are obscured as by a veil. The farther we look away into the distance the thicker becomes the veil of intervening atmosphere and the more indistinct and hazy in outline are the hills or other objects we see. While we notice this plainly on a smoky or misty day, the veil or envelope of atmosphere surrounds everything at all times and even on a "clear" day, by looking with this in mind, we shall see that the further objects are less distinct than the nearer ones.

Many artists, especially the earlier ones, ignored this altogether and therefore their paintings lack the charm of nature. They appear flat and hard and sharp. It is first necessary to learn to *see* the atmosphere which surrounds and envelops everything and then to represent it in the picture. By painting the atmosphere and indicating the intervening envelopes of air, the objects are made to appear as in nature. The atmosphere also affects the color of objects, which grow grayer in the distance, and, by representing these variations truly, everything is made to take its place in the picture and to have its just and proper relation to every other object.

These varying quantities of light in the colors of objects are called values, as we have already seen. In Claude's picture the atmosphere is distinctly seen in the horizon, which is not a sharp line but hazy and undetermined, full of mystery and suggestion. The more distant trees at the extreme left and at the left of the castle also, plainly show the luminous air between us and them gradually becoming less dense and showing details more plainly as we come towards the foreground.

When we merely wish to see a long ways, we think of a clear day as desirable. But clear atmosphere is not in itself an element of beauty. A mild haze or even the smoke of forest fires adds beauty not alone to the sunset, but to the general aspect of nature.

ANECDOTES OF CLAUDE.

Claude, we learn, was another dull boy who afterwards lived to be a great and useful man. His parents were poor and he had lost both of them before he was twelve. We notice one thing, I think, in the lives of all the great painters. They may have been dull boys or dull at certain things. They may have been poor business men, they may not have been able to gain recognition even during their lifetime; but they were nearly all great workers. They loved their work. It is in having a work in life that we love, that the greatest and truest success lies.

When Claude's parents died he went to live for a year with his brother, a wood engraver and carver, who taught him drawing. Then another relative, a dealer in lace, offered to take him to Rome. There, thrown on his own resources at that early age, he found a room and continued to study as best he could. From then until he was twenty-seven he had a difficult life indeed. He drifted to Naples where he spent two years in study.

This life in Naples was a pleasure to him for here he saw a very beautiful landscape full of color and of life that he enjoyed. We have some of his paintings of the Bay of Naples that testify to the loving heart

with which he worked upon them. That world of color in sea and sky, "Where Capri waits, her sapphire gates, beguiling to her bright estates" and "Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles," made up to him for the poor clothes he had to wear and the poor food he had to eat.

Returning to Rome he entered the household of Agostino Tassi where for several years he received instruction in painting in return for his services as stable-boy, color-grinder and general servant.

Then, at about the age of twenty-five, he began two years of continual wandering. He visited Venice and his old home village in Lorraine and is supposed to have spent some time near Munich, a visit which is now commemorated by a monument. But 1627 found him back in Rome. The years following were years of study with only small earnings, until success came at last shortly before he was forty.

Day by day he would go out into the fields around Rome, painting until nightfall, earnestly seeking to master the secrets of nature and to get upon his canvas the charm of the evening sky or the approaching dawn. He often worked for days to match the colors of nature upon his palette, putting them upon his canvases afterwards in his garret.

But as often happens, when fame did come it came with a rush. He became known to a cardinal, one of the most powerful at the court and an intimate friend of the Pope (Urban VII). For this cardinal he painted two landscapes.

Afterwards the interest of Urban himself was aroused and after that orders and distinctions came thick and

fast. So great was his vogue that commissions came from all over the world — from England and Spain and elsewhere.

Following upon his great popularity came many imitators. Pictures which he had never painted were passed off and sold as his. This is probably what led him to make a series of drawings of his paintings which he called the "Liber Veritatis," or "Book of Truth." This is still in existence and is in itself a thing of priceless value, containing, as it does, records of some of the artist's greatest pictures. Claude continued to work to the very end of his life. In the collection of Queen Victoria was a picture he painted when almost eighty-two years old. Where he lies in Rome, near the Pantheon, the French government has erected a monument to his memory.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF CLAUDE LORRAIN'S PAINTINGS

Landing of Cleopatra at Tarsus.....Louvre, Paris.
The Flight into Egypt.....Royal Gallery, Dresden.
The Mill.....Doria Gallery, Rome.
Noon.....Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg.

THE CORN FIELD

By John Constable of the English School

(Born 1776, died 1837)

Since Claude's time there had been a backward movement in landscape art, and, when Constable came to the front, it was at a low ebb, especially in England. If we could see the pictures that were painted about this time and

The Corn Field by John Constable, National Gallery, London.

for fifty years previous and compare them with Constable's, we should quickly see what an original man he was and how he advanced landscape art. The pictures of the time were mostly "arrangements of certain forms of earth, sky and clouds in very much the same sets of colors, all flat and uninteresting." The first picture that Constable saw that inspired him with the wish to himself become an artist, was one by Claude Lorrain, at the home of Sir George Beaumont.

He was too original to paint just like Claude Lorrain, but, to perfect his own art, he studied the best things in Claude's pictures. While Lorrain, as we have seen, painted pictures containing classical buildings and figures, Constable found his subjects in the English country he loved so well, and painted it as he saw it.

It is known that Constable copied many of Lorrain's pictures owned by his friend Sir George Beaumont, and although Beaumont was his friend and helper and himself a good artist, the two did not agree about painting. Beaumont thought Constable's pictures should be toned down, and once, it is said, recommended to him the tints of an old Cremona fiddle as the real ones of the landscape. To this Constable replied by laying an old fiddle on the green lawn in front of the baronet's house.

When people complained that his lights were much too strong, he said of one of his pictures: "Its light cannot be put out because it is the light of nature, the mother of all that is valuable in poetry, painting or anything else, where an appeal to the soul is required."

The "Corn Field," painted in 1826, was presented, after

the artist's death, to the English nation by a committee of his friends and now hangs in the National Gallery. When Constable sent it to the Academy he wrote to a friend that he had "despatched a large landscape to the Academy: inland corn fields, a close lane forming the foreground: it is not neglected in any part: the trees are shaken by a pleasant and healthful breeze at noon." To quote a fuller description. "It is one of Constable's most vigorous and powerful masterpieces. The noble group of elms in the hedgerow on the left is already slightly tinged with brown while the shorter trees across the lane have still their summer dress of green. Between them, in the middle distance, part of a corn field is seen, sloping down to the greener water-meadows of the valley, with glimpses of the river and a church tower among the trees. Several small figures are moving along the pathway through the corn, which glows like gold under the sun's rays. The lane which twists sharply down hill on the right is in cool shadow, though the gleaming light filters through in places. The shepherd's boy, prone on his face by the wayside, leaves his dog to look after the flock while he quenches his thirst at a small spring, and near him a donkey and her foal are browsing under the hedge. The sky is a fine piece of painting, full of movement, with its masses of white and gray clouds and glimpses of bright blue. There is more warm golden color in this picture than in most of Constable's larger works, and the yellow brown on the one side, and the tender green and blue on the other combined to produce a very lovely effect."

All this we read as the story the canvas has to tell

us, and we might read more into it, for nothing is said about the buildings and the church in the distance. We also wish to examine a little how the picture is in advance of work that had been done before — why it is a great picture. Some one has said that what one always noticed in Constable's pictures was the weather. The look in the clouds as if rain was to come, the appearance of the countryside after a shower — the rush of wind through the tree tops, the look that made us know, "It is noon time" — these were things that he was the first to put on canvas. No one else was trying to do these things and no one except his fellow-artists understood what he meant.

"How did he do it?" you ask. The answer is that he did it, not by trying to make his pictures like other pictures, but by studying nature and painting her as he saw her. We speak later of his work as a miller and how he watched the weather. He did it to some purpose. The simple country which he grew so to love he continued to love all his life. One critic has said, and doubtless many said at that time, that Constable had a low mind that could not rise above his own provincial town and farm. But Constable knew, and never wavered in applying the knowledge, that the highest beauty may be expressed in the simplest things.

By his persistent courage and his infinite labor in working out his own method he truly conquered nature herself and left the world a higher conception of her and how her features might be made plain to others in the language of painting.

It is now granted that he founded a school and that

he was one of the world's geniuses in painting. He definitely influenced all the landscape painting of the future.

Here is a leaf from a novel about a picture of a corn field:

"Suppose ye want to paint a field of ripe corn: Will ye get at it, do ye think, by sittin' down and pentin' the stalks and the heads; — aye, if ye were to spend a lifetime at it and paint fifty thousand of them? Aye, and if ye painted a hundred thousand of them as like as could be, ye'd be no nearer getting at your corn field. For what ye have to paint is what ye see: and when ye look at a corn field, ye see no stalks at all, but a great mass of gold, as it were, with a touch of orange here or paler yellow there, and a wash of green where the land is wet, and sometimes of warm red even where the stalks are mixed with weeds. . . .

"Suppose that ye've been ill for a month or two, laid on your back maybe and sick and tired of the pattern on the wall of your room; and at last a day comes when the doctor thinks you might be lifted into a carriage and taken for a drive. And we'll say it's a warm afternoon, and your heart is just full of wonder and gladness, like, at the trees and the soft air, and we'll say that all of a sudden, at the turning o' the road, ye come in sight o' this field o' ripe corn, just as yellow as yellow can be under the afternoon sky. Aye, and what is it when ye see such a wonderful and beautiful thing — what is it that brings the tears to your e'en? I say, what is it? For it's that ye've got to catch and put in your picture."— (William Black in "Shandon Bells.")

The Hay Wain, by Constable. National Gallery, London.

ANECDOTES OF CONSTABLE.

John Constable was born in East Bergholt, Suffolk, England. His father was a miller and well to do and wished his son to enter the Church. This was so distasteful to John that a compromise was effected whereby he should go into the mill, although his own wish was to be a painter.

His talent was manifest and from his earliest years he was continually sketching the lanes and byways near his country home. However, he worked faithfully in the mill, learning about the structure of windmills and observing the weather, the changes in the clouds and other things in nature which helped him later on. He was a fine-looking young man and was known as "the handsome young miller."

About this time he chanced to meet Sir George Beaumont, who was an art amateur and collector, and his acquaintance strengthened Constable's desire to become a painter. Finally his father consented to his going to London to see what others thought of the advisability of his taking up painting as a profession. John went to London where he met various artists but they were not enthusiastic in their opinion of his works.

So we find him in his twenty-first year, writing to a friend, "I must now take your advice and attend to my father's business. . . . I see plainly that it will be my lot to walk through life in a path contrary to that in which my inclination would lead me."

But for all this the inclination won in the end, and two years later he took up his brush never to abandon it

again during his life. At twenty-six he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy, of which Sir Benjamin West was president. West took an interest in the young man, advised him not to be discouraged when one of his pictures was refused by the Academy, and prophesied a successful future.

Success was very slow in coming. For years his pictures had almost no sale and he felt much discouragement. Pictures that are now beyond price, were exhibited almost unnoticed and returned unsold. He once said, "My art flatters nobody by imitation, courts nobody by its smoothness — how then can I hope to be popular?"

Constable was often low-spirited because of this lack of recognition and the continued postponement of his marriage through many weary years — indeed it would never have taken place but for his persistency and an inheritance of a few thousand pounds. The marriage was a happy one and when, after he was fifty years old, a comfortable fortune of £20,000 came to him, he settled it upon his wife and children, saying, "It will make me happy and I shall stand before a six-foot canvas with a mind at ease." It was at about this time that "The Hay Wain" and "The Corn Field" were painted.

But now that happiness had come, it was quickly snatched away, for his wife soon died and he never fully recovered from the blow, though he lived and painted for nearly ten years more.

In February, 1837, he began to work upon a picture which he declared was to be the best he had ever done. But it was never finished. During the March following, on a cold night, he walked part way home from a meet-

ing of the Academy with his friend Leslie, who writes: "The most trifling occurrences of that evening remain on my memory. As we proceeded along Oxford Street he heard a child cry on the opposite side of the way: the griefs of childhood never failed to arrest his attention and he crossed over to a little beggar girl who had hurt her knee; he gave her a shilling and some kind words . . . we parted at the end of the street laughing. I never saw him again, alive."

The next day Constable worked on his picture and that night, awaking in pain, in less than an hour after, he was dead.

"He was faithful in all ways," says one biographer, "to his friends, to the memory of his wife and to his art. No adverse criticism, no disappointment could move him an inch from the path he thought right to pursue as a landscape painter."

He was faithful to his art, for, had he been willing to paint pictures in the fashion, he could have made more money and perhaps have sooner achieved success. But he preferred to be true to what he believed.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF CONSTABLE'S PAINTINGS

Dedham Mill.....South Kensington Museum, London.
The Cottage.....Louvre, Paris.
The Valley Farm.....National Gallery, London.
Hampstead Heath.....Corporation Galleries, Glasgow.
The Hay Wain.....National Gallery, London.

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE.

By Joseph Mallord William Turner of the English School

(Born 1775, died 1851)

William Turner carried the painting of atmospheric effects further than any of his predecessors. He was the first to try to depict upon canvas the full force of the sun. In "The Fighting Téméraire" we have one of his very latest and very best canvases in which the sun is setting in a sky of the greatest brilliancy.

It is said that the picture was done one day when he was on a holiday excursion with some other artists.

One moment he would be talking and joking, and the next transferring some wonderful glory of color to his canvas. Thornbury tells how the idea of painting the old ship came about.

"Suddenly there moved down upon the artist's little boat the grand old vessel that had been taken prisoner at the Nile and that led the van at Trafalgar. She loomed pale and ghastly and was being towed to her last moorings by a fiery, puny steam-tug."

It was "The Fighting Téméraire" of which Henry Newbolt has sung:

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown forever clinging

The Fighting Téméraire, by J. M. W. Turner. National Gallery, London.

To the great days done.
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
And she 's fading down the river,
Téméraire! Téméraire!

" There 's a fine subject," said one of the artists, and Turner, filled with the sentiment and the beauty of the scene, produced the great painting.

Any kind of prints in black and white, can give but little idea of Turner's paintings, for they are brighter and lighter and more brilliant than such reproductions can suggest. One must see the original.

This great brilliancy and luminosity is partly due to Turner's method of underlaying his color by a thick coat of white paint, over which his rich, high-keyed colors were laid rather thinly.

His works were so blazing with brilliant reds, light blues, and luminous yellows and show so little of the details of drawing that at first they looked ridiculous to the public. Even the intelligent critics abused him cordially. People said that some of his canvases looked as though a tomato omelette had been thrown at them.

But he soon came to have strong defenders. Ruskin devoted hundreds, if not thousands, of pages to praising and minutely explaining Turner's methods and the results of his work, and Ruskin's books have become as famous as Turner's paintings. Ruskin made many mistakes in his judgments in art matters, according to opinion to-day, but the world supports him in what he found in Turner.

Although there is so little drawing evident in many of Turner's paintings, he was really one of the best drafts-

men of all time. He worked with infinite care in drawing and sketching during his travels, and has left many thousands of wonderful water-color drawings. These were the means by which he accumulated the mass of knowledge which enabled him to paint his great effects from which details were obliterated. The labor of years gave him the strength and knowledge by which he became a master.

Ruskin says he is the only man who truly represented rocks; he showed their structure. He seemed to show his trees growing. Some one has said that other artists could hide things in a mist, but that Turner revealed things *through* a mist.

Hammerton, the critic, says: "With a knowledge of landscape vaster than any mortal ever possessed before him, his whole existence was a series of dreams."

He would sit down in the presence of a real scene in nature and build up a dream in the face of the reality.

"It is the soul of Turner and not the material world that fascinates the student," says another.

A large new wing of the Tate Gallery in London contains thousands of works by Turner, including most of his wonderful canvases bequeathed by him to the nation.

ANECDOTES OF TURNER.

Turner was born April 23, 1775, in Maiden Lane, in Chelsea, a poor, unpleasing part of London, over a barber shop, in which his father, William Turner, lived and worked. The latter was an economical, good-natured, uneducated man, who taught his boy to be honest and saving.

Dido building Carthage, by J. M. W. Turner. This painting suggests the influence of Claude Lorrain. National Gallery, London.

The young Turner kept the sidewalk swept and the windows clean, but early showed his talent for drawing. At ten his birds and trees on the walls of his school attracted attention.

One day he used one of his father's barber-brushes with which to paint a picture. The next morning, when the barber began to lather a customer's face, instead of turning a snowy white it became a fiery red.

His father did not discourage his talents, although he had intended to make him a barber. He hung the drawings about the shop and sometimes sold one for a few pence.

At twelve the boy began to study under a London master; at thirteen he was sent to a Mr. Coleman at Margate where he loved and studied the sea; at fourteen he was sent to the Royal Academy.

At this time he made small sums by copying pictures for a Dr. Munro, who lived in a palace on the Strand and possessed Rembrandts and works by other famous artists. This was good practice indeed.

In 1792, when he was seventeen, he got a commission to make some drawings for magazines. To make the sketches the boy traveled through Wales on a pony lent him by a friend, and on foot through many English counties, an experience that perfected his hand and stored his mind with the effects seen in nature.

At twenty-one he hired a house and took pupils, but he soon grew tired of this, and at twenty-two we find him in Yorkshire and Kent, where he made warm friends, one of whom afterwards bought $50,000 worth of Turner's works.

Meantime his pictures had been accepted at exhibitions, his first water-color having been exhibited at the Royal Academy when he was only fifteen.

Every one who knew him in these years speaks of his sunny disposition, his love of sports and of fun of all kinds. In later life, after troubles and disappointments, he was not always so cheerful, but he was successful in his artistic career.

He became an associate of the Royal Academy when only twenty-four and a full Royal Academician at twenty-seven.

One of Turner's cherished projects was the publication of the "Liber Studiorum." There were to be one hundred plates issued in numbers, each containing five pictures. But it never reached completion,— the public would not buy. It is said that an engraver, who had a lot of the trial proofs, used them for kindling his fire. Afterwards he was able to sell the few he had left for over seven thousand dollars. Since then a single copy of the book has brought fifteen thousand dollars. "I've been burning bank notes all my life," said the old engraver.

From the time he was thirty-five Turner must have had plenty of money. He moved into a country house, still keeping his city residence. In spite of his wealth, earned by his pictures, he lived like a hermit and had queer habits — bad habits, some of them, but amongst them we find golden deeds that are worth telling.

At the death of a poor drawing-master, Mr. Wells, whom Turner had long known, he was deeply affected, and lent money to the widow until a large sum had ac-

Ulysses deriding Polyphemus, by Turner. National Gallery, London.

cumulated. She was both honest and grateful, and, after a long period, was happy enough to return to her benefactor the whole sum she had received from him. She went to him with it; but Turner kept his hands in his pocket. "Keep it," he said, "and send your children to school and to church."

Once, after sending an unfortunate beggar from his house, he relented, ran after her, and gave her a five-pound note.

Another story is told of how, when his earliest benefactor came to financial grief in his later years, Turner, hearing of it, advanced thousands of pounds to the man's manager without allowing his name to be made known.

Yet this man was called stingy and parsimonious. His friends criticized his frugal living only to find when he died that, after giving a hundred thousand dollars to the Royal Academy and a few other bequests to relatives, he had left an immense fortune for the maintenance of "poor and decayed male artists, being born in England." This will was broken when contested by relatives.

Ruskin says that, having known him during that period of his life when he was suffering most from the evil-speaking of the world, he never heard him say one depreciating word of any living man, or man's work. He had a heart intensely kind and nobly true.

Turner and Sir Walter Scott were good friends. They liked each other, but it seemed that neither man could understand or appreciate the other's art. Scott could not see why any one should want Turner's pictures. "As for your books," said Turner, "the covers of some are very pretty."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF TURNER'S PAINTINGS

The Fighting Téméraire	National Gallery, London.
The Bay of Baiae	" " "
Venice	" " "
Dido Building Carthage	" " "
Portrait of Himself	" " "
The Whale Ship	Metropolitan Museum, New York.
Grand Canal, Venice	" " " "

DANCE OF NYMPHS: EVENING

By Jean Baptiste Camille Corot of the French School

(Born 1796, died 1875)

It has been said that it was not nature herself that Corot represented but the impression nature made upon him. And yet no one has so faithfully interpreted certain elements of landscape, and he was so far in advance of others of his time that he was the first to present certain effects of light and air.

We know that when a boy at school he used to take long walks with his master, who was an old and solitary man with solitary ways. He was fond of walking in out-of-the-way places and in the evenings about dusk he liked to wander under the big trees in the meadows or by the side of the river.

Ten years later than this, when his father bought a place in the country, for they were Parisians, another scene came into his life which had a great influence upon him and upon his work. This new home was near a pond and many times, when all the rest were asleep, Corot remained up the greater part of the night, leaning out of

Dance of Nymphs: Evening, by Corot.

the window, looking at the sky and the water and the trees. He had studied these misty scenes so many times that, when he came to paint, he made watery, vaporous effects. He himself has said that to his love and study of these marshy visions is due the readiness with which he remembered the tones and colors proper to express this gray mist, light and floating, with which the air is saturated, and which veils the sky and obscures the sharp lines of the horizon in nearly all his pictures, as it does in nature itself.

The prevailing colors in Corot's pictures are greens and grays with a soft yellowish tinge to the sky. Several critics have agreed in seeing something in his work which suggested music to them and they have called him the Mozart of painting.

He himself once said of another painter's work that it made one think of the nightingale but that he himself was only a little song bird. There are many terms in music, such as tones, harmonies and vibrations, which have come to be applied to painting by those who feel the resemblance that the one art bears to the other.

In the "Dance of the Nymphs" we may detect these resemblances. Like all of Corot's pictures, the colors are not bright, gay or discordant, but are subdued and harmonized together so that one general tone pervades the picture. This is a feature of much modern landscape art.

We noticed that Claude succeeded in putting the atmosphere into his picture — Corot carried this much further and suggested not only the season of the year and the time of day but many other slight variations.

In one of Corot's letters to a friend, which is preserved to us, we have an account of such a scene as the one in our picture. It is a noted piece of writing and helps us to understand his pictures.

"Nature drowses," he writes, "the fresh air, however, sighs among the leaves — the dew decks the velvety grass with pearls. The nymphs fly — hide themselves — and desire to be seen. Bing! A star in the sky which pricks its image on the pool. Charming star — whose brilliance is increased by the quivering of the water, thou watchest me — thou smilest to me with half-closed eye! Bing! — a second star appears in the water, a second eye opens. Be the harbingers of welcome, fresh and charming stars. Bing! Bing! Bing! — three, six, twenty stars. All the stars in the sky are keeping tryst in this happy pool. Everything darkens, the pool alone sparkles. There is a swarm of stars — all yields to illusion. The sun being gone to bed, the inner sun of the soul, the sun of art awakens. Bon! — there is my picture done."

Corot was more successful than Claude in introducing figures into his paintings. In this picture of the evening graceful nymphs give an added charm and they come naturally into the scene in which they appear.

One thing that one may notice about good landscapes is that there is usually some one salient feature. If a path through the woods is to be shown, there should be one path, not two. If it is to be a river scene, there should not be a second river of nearly equal interest. It is said that an artist can always compel the spectator to see the one point he wishes to emphasize. If we ask ourselves, as we look at a picture, "What did the artist

wish to emphasize?" it will help us to judge his picture. In Corot we find the joy and poetry and music of life as shown in trees and atmosphere. These misty mornings and evenings, as he looked at them, seemed to suggest figures, usually moving or dancing, to complete the picture. We can understand why he always took a boyish delight in going to the theater.

Corot's pictures communicate something to us at once. All great art has a way of speaking to those who take the time to ask its message — who put themselves in the way of hearing, by listening. To see as Corot saw, is to see truly what nature herself first showed to him. He gives us not the hard facts of nature, but the *feeling* of nature, the veiled mystery of her meaning; a suggestion of her effect upon us in certain of her moods.

ANECDOTES OF COROT.

Corot was born in Paris in 1796. His father kept a millinery shop. When Corot was ten his father sent him to a boarding-school in the beautiful old city of Rouen and there he remained for seven years. Corot's father was of good peasant stock from the vineyards of Burgundy, and he himself became a tall, powerful, rubicund and, above all, a kindly and fascinating man. His nature was of the gentlest. He loved the atmosphere of peace and friendship and was ever surrounded by friends and companions. Whenever he could, he was glad to assist those who needed help.

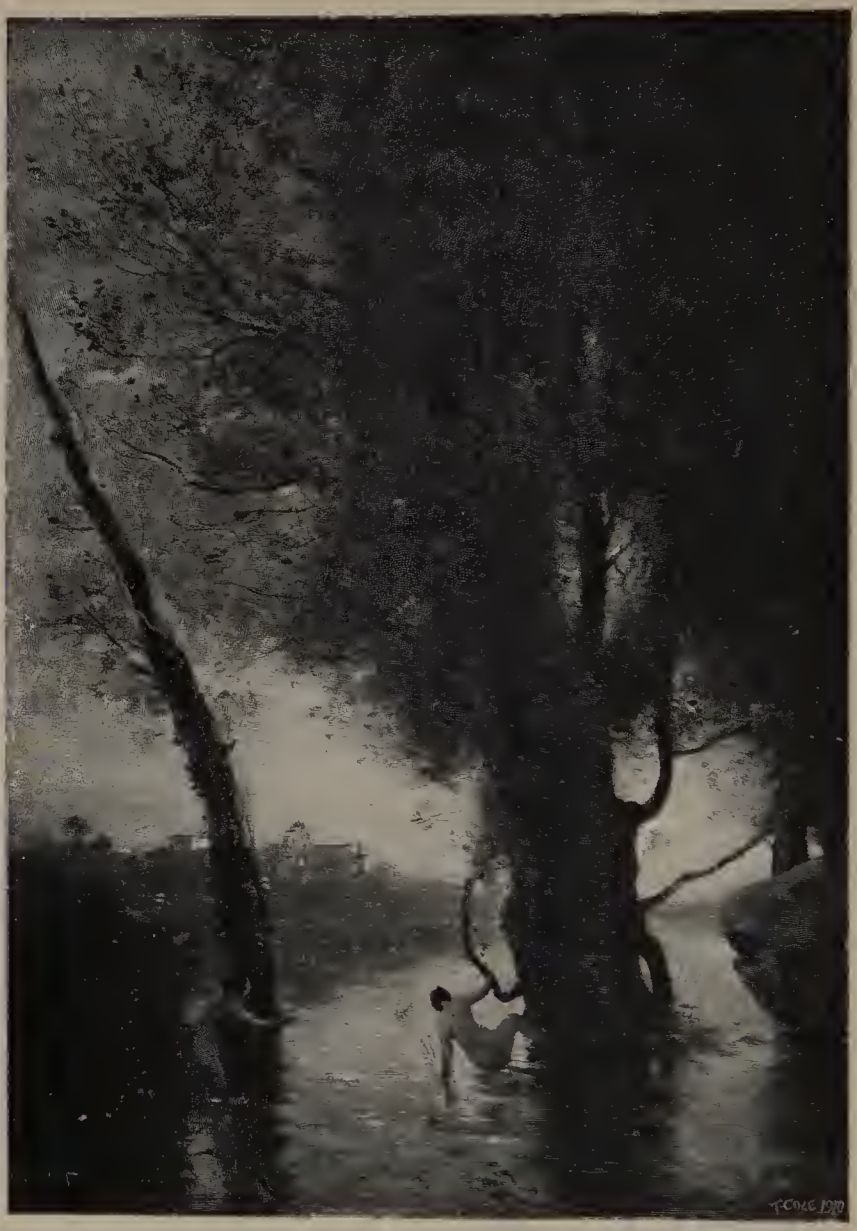
After his return from school, he was employed in a draper's shop and in some such occupation continued for the next eight years. But during this time his artistic

tendencies began to show themselves. He made drawings whenever he could, and, chancing to meet a painter, he began to do some drawings from nature under his eye. This painter, named Michallon, was a young man and had just taken the grand prize of Rome for landscape painting. Though he was Corot's master, the two were friends and companions and Corot received a good grounding in the rudiments of his art before the other died at the early age of twenty-six.

At length Corot plucked up courage enough to go to his father and ask permission to leave the counter for the easel. His father was quite prosperous, and intended to set up the son in business. He told Corot, however, that since he did not wish to continue in trade he would make him an allowance of 1500 francs a year, but would not give him the capital he had intended to use in buying a business for him. Corot, instead of complaining, was very happy.

As soon as he had his freedom he got his artist's materials together and made his first real painting. It was near his father's house, and those who have visited the studio of Corot have seen this very picture, for he always kept it. He used to say to his guests thirty-five years later: "Oh, my friends, my picture has not changed; it is always young and recalls the very hour when I made it; but the friends of those days and I — what are we?"

In 1825, when nearly thirty, Corot paid his first visit to Rome. He was warmly welcomed as a good fellow but no one thought of his work as anything great. His sunny nature made him a favorite here as everywhere.



The Bathers, by Corot. Collection of M. Rouart, Paris.

He could sing well and the painters thought more of that than of his work.

One day, however, the landscape director of the Academy of Rome happened to see Corot working at a sketch of the Colosseum and was struck with its truth and the fine qualities it contained. He not only congratulated the artist but spoke of it to his classes and even prophesied that in time this man would be the master of them all. At first Corot took this as a joke but it worked wonders in the estimation in which he was held by others. Some one has said that it is not what any one may do, so much as what other people say of them, that helps or hurts.

This is perhaps too strong, but true it is that, no matter how good one's work may be, its excellence *may* not be recognized. It has sometimes happened that artists have been dead many years before their paintings became admired and famous.

When Corot returned to Paris after this visit, he exhibited for the first time in the Salon but his work did not receive much applause there for many, many years. It was different from the work of other landscapists, and, not being understood, was passed over.

Not until he was fifty did any real recognition come. Then, in 1846, he was awarded the decoration of the Legion of Honor. This was something but it did not mean great success. He still had years of struggle ahead.

He made two or three more trips to Italy, where all artists loved to go, but all the rest of his life he spent between Paris in winter and his country home in summer. It is related of Corot's father that once, after

Corot had received the Legion of Honor decoration, he endeavored by asking others to find out whether his son really had any talent. When parents feel this distrust of their own children, it is very hard for the children, though better than foolish praise.

Corot's fellow-artists were the first to find out that he was stronger than any of them. But he was sixty before the public came to his feet and seventy before he was an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Corot was generous and was always giving. He would never take pay for lessons, but helped many and many a young artist, and older ones, too. One day he gave away a thousand francs. "Yes, it was quite a pull for me," he admitted, but the next day it happened that he sold six thousand francs worth of pictures. "So you see," he said, "it all comes back."

Corot's later years were peaceful. During his last moments his mind was still upon painting, and acting as though he had his brush in his hand, he moved his arm to the wall exclaiming, "Look! How beautiful! I have never seen such lovely landscapes."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF COROT'S PAINTINGS

Dance of the Nymphs, Evening.....Private Collection.
Dance of the Nymphs, Morning.....Louvre, Paris.
The Bent Tree.....Private Collection.
Landscape.....Louvre, Paris.
Ville D'Avray.....Rouen Museum.

For other landscapes, see those of Puvis de Chavannes on pages 191, 194 and 195, Hobbema on page 200, Teniers on page 206, and Millet on page 217.

Dance of the Nymphs, Morning, by Corot. The Louvre, Paris.

LEGENDARY AND HISTORICAL SUBJECTS

In producing a legendary or historical painting the artist has a great many things to think of besides making a beautiful picture.

For in addition to that he must tell a story. He cannot narrate a succession of events as a writer can do, but he must select one single moment and in that moment show us all that is to be represented.

Such pictures are much more complicated than those we have been looking at thus far. Usually many figures are introduced and all of them must be accurate. The principal persons must be portraits of the characters and must suggest their whole life in pose and gesture. Their costume must be historically correct; often a matter of great difficulty.

When he has selected the moment to present, which may have meant the reading of many volumes about the times and events, and has assured himself about the accuracy of everything concerned, he may still make a great failure unless he has caught and can show the spirit of the whole matter in a way to inspire the beholder.

Our moving pictures where thousands of separate photographs in rapid succession give us a moving scene, convey much less than the painter of a legendary or historical subject tries to do.

Such representations as the moving pictures may give us a real scene but the painter, if he is successful, by

summoning imagination to his aid, may give us the spirit of an age.

Purely historical pictures were often painted by royal command to perpetuate the deeds of great men or events of national life, and are more valuable to us now as records of the times, than as works of art. Such are many of the huge canvases in the royal palaces of Europe.

MEDEA AND VENUS

By Titian (Tiziano Vecelli) of the Venetian School

(Born 1477, died 1576)

Titian was great in all kinds of painting and we might choose from his works a portrait or picture of almost any kind as representative. Others might equal him in certain fields, but he is distinguished by the splendid work he could do in all.

The large painting we have selected, one of Titian's first great works, hangs in the beautiful Villa Borghese near the Pincian Hill in Rome. Many of Titian's great canvases represent the legendary subjects of Greek mythology. They are full of imagination and gorgeous in color and noble in thought and feeling. This one well portrays the incident in the legend of the Golden Fleece, in Grecian mythology, where Medea is deciding her own fate.

The Golden Fleece having been stolen away and carried to the Island of Colchis, it was there hung high in an oak tree guarded by a dragon. Jason set out to find it and after his many adventures at length reached the island where it was, only to find that the king, King Æetes, would not give it up.

One of the king's daughters was named Medea. She was dark and beautiful, was versed in the arts of witches, and could work many wonders by her spells. Her duty was to her father and to her country, but when she saw Jason she loved him and had a sore struggle with herself as to whether or not to give him her assistance.

The legend tells us that she yielded to her love of Jason and did many things to help him. After her father had set hard tasks for Jason to do which he must accomplish before obtaining the Golden Fleece, she told him the way to go about them, tasks almost as difficult as the labors of Hercules.

The moment taken by Titian to make into a great picture is that when Medea is struggling between love and duty. She has retired to a quiet spot to think over what she shall do, and is seated beside a fountain.

Our reproduction gives but about one-half of the canvas. In the original, the figure of Venus, the Greek goddess, sits upon the side of the fountain at the right of the picture. Leaning over the edge at the back of the fountain and playing in the water is Cupid. He is paddling away like any artless child, and probably Venus has brought him along with her.

The figure of Venus, softly pleading with Medea, who looks away from her as if to resist, is a very beautiful conception. Some one has said that it seems as though the Greek statue of the Venus of Milo, the most beautiful in the world, had been animated and transferred to glowing canvas.

Most artists have some salient characteristic in their work which may be summed up in a word or a paragraph.

Thus Michelangelo was preëminent for the power and sublimity of his work, while Raphael was supreme in composition. Van Dyck, we have seen, put refinement and distinction into his work. Franz Hals, on the other hand, put virility almost to coarseness, into his, and so on.

In the case of Titian there are two things that stand out. One is the rich color which he used and the other the *nobility* of all his canvases. Whether he is painting landscapes, or figures or any other kind of picture an artist may make them either noble or mean.

There is a distinct resemblance between the faces of Venus and Medea. This is perhaps the painter's way of

One-half of the Painting known as Medea and Venus, Villa Borghese, Rome, by Titian.

telling us that Venus is only Medea's other self, that the voice that pleads is in reality in her own heart. The expression of the two faces, however, is very different. That of Venus is eagerly persuading. Medea's seems to say with her lips, "I must obey my father," but with her eyes, "I cannot help thinking of Jason."

The dress of Medea is rich and elaborate: a crimson mantle floats from the shoulders of Venus — for red is the color that symbolizes love.

In the pictures of the old masters colors were used to represent various things and it helps us in understanding pictures if we know what these were and how they were used. Thus:

White was an emblem of light, purity and innocence.

Red signified heat, royalty and *divine* love. White and red roses expressed innocence and love. In a bad sense, red signified blood, war, hatred and punishment.

Blue expressed truth and constancy.

Yellow was the symbol of the sun, of the goodness of God, of marriage, of faith and fruitfulness. In a bad sense yellow signified inconstancy, jealousy, deceit. In this latter sense it is usually given to the traitor Judas who is generally clad in dirty yellow.

Green expressed hope, especially in immortality: also victory, as the color of the palm and the laurel.

Violet signified truth, or passion and suffering, hence it is the color often worn by the martyrs.

Titian was a great master of color, color not gay but rich, and he understood the effects of colors upon one another.

This knowledge of the influence of colors is very im-

portant to the artist, for the value and tone of a color in a picture depend upon the color which it is placed near. Every picture has a highest light. To the beholder it appears white. But take a piece of white paper and place it beside the high light of the picture and almost invariably the apparent white of the picture will appear gray or yellow. What is really brown may appear green in a picture. We can never say that a color in a picture is wrong because it does not match the actual or local color of the object. For everything is influenced and modified in color by the reflections from every other object near it, just as a lady's face looks rosy under a red parasol. You may have noticed that objects around a billiard table appear green. In a less degree the appearance of every object is influenced by its situation with reference to the light that it receives and the colors of objects around it. Also, as we have said, colors in a picture affect each other. Here again the artist must get the exact *value* of what he wishes to represent, or it will appear out of place. A tree near by will be of a certain color, but a tree of exactly the same

Flora, by Titian. The Louvre. It still glows with a marvelous color.

local color, if farther back in the picture, will be found to appear different, probably grayer.

We have spoken of the noble character of Titian's works. All critics have accorded to him this distinction. Now, very few things that an artist paints are mean in themselves. The meanness or nobleness of a picture depends mostly upon the way the subject is treated. But a man of noble life and noble thoughts will be likely not only to treat his subjects in a noble manner, but to select subjects that are noble. To have left such work behind as Titian has done speaks well for his character. Every artist writes his character in his pictures: he cannot conceal it if he tries.

The old masters, except Titian, wonderful as they were, did not do very well with their landscapes. Even he did not make a landscape the central subject of a picture, but where he portrayed landscape, he did it better than any other painter until hundreds of years later when it began to be studied as a separate branch of art.

Notice the bit of landscape in the background of Medea and Venus.

ANECDOTES OF TITIAN.

Titian was born, in 1477, at Pieve di Cadore, a little town in the hill country north of Venice in Italy. But it was a land of forests and fields, of cattle and milk, and near by the snow-clad Alps. Titian loved it and wished to be called Titian of Cadore.

His father was a lawyer of noble family, but Titian early showed a taste for art. It is said that when a very

little boy he painted pictures for his father from the juices of flowers. It was decided that he should go to Venice to study. Venice to-day, with its lovely old palaces and streets of water, is the marvel of the world. It was then in its glory and we can hardly imagine how beautiful it must have been.

Thither Titian was sent when only twelve years old. We do not know positively what he did or with whom he studied at first but he was soon in the studio of Giovanni Bellini, one of the best painters of the time. Here he probably got the love for color which distinguished his work.

Although Titian prospered and became rich, he does not appear to have been grasping. The following is from a letter that still exists, written when he was in the prime of life, wherein he offers to paint a hall in the Ducal Palace at Venice. "I, Titian of Cadore, having studied painting from my childhood upwards, and desirous of fame rather than profit—" He then begs to be allowed to paint on the "canvas of the battle, so difficult that no one has had the courage to attempt it." He received the permission but, owing to jealousies, it had to be withdrawn.

Titian had a long life and a happy one, "Heaven having awarded him nothing but favors and felicities," as was said. "First among his rivals, visited at his house by the kings of France and of Poland, favorite of the Emperor, of the Pope, of all Italian princes, created a Knight and Count of the Empire, overwhelmed with commissions, liberally compensated, pensioned and worthily enjoying his good fortune, he lives in great

Man with the Glove, by Titian. Louvre, Paris. One of the world's greatest portraits.

state, dresses splendidly; but very courteous, endowed with rare politeness and with the sweetest ways and manners."

Symonds speaks of his "Assumption" as the greatest single oil painting in the world, if we except Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," and all the critics place him at the head of the Venetian school — the greatest in the world for glory of color.

Since early times there have been two opposite schools with regard to form and color in painting. In early times it was the Florentine School of which Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael were the greatest, that asserted that drawing was the greatest requirement in art, and so they carried perfection of outline, or drawing to the furthest possible extent.

In Venice arose the great school of colorists among whom were Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and Giorgione, who, instead of emphasizing the drawing, laid more stress upon rich coloring. Their method was rather to obliterate the distinct outlines of figures. They too were great draftsmen but they felt that the lines could not be seen in nature as the Florentines showed them. In a general way this is the real distinction between the Venetian and Florentine schools of which we hear and read so much. Titian was of the colorists, and, although the years must have changed his canvases greatly, they are still the wonder of all.

Yet when he first began to study with Giovanni Bellini, his master said he would never become a very great painter as he worked too fast. It is said that one day, when painting a portrait of the king (Charles V), Titian

dropped his brush. As none of the attendants who were standing about paid any attention to the accident, the king himself restored it. Titian was much embarrassed and apologized. "There may be many kings," said Charles, "but never more than one Titian."

At ninety-nine he began a picture which was to be given in return for a burial place, but he died before it was completed.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF TITIAN'S PAINTINGS

The Assumption.....Venice Academy.
St. Christopher.....Doge's Palace, Venice.
The Man with the Glove.....Louvre, Paris.
Portrait of Himself.....Berlin Museum.
Charles V on Horseback.....Prado, Madrid.
Pieta.....Venice Academy.
Venus.....Uffizi Gallery.
Medea and Venus.....Borghese Gallery, Rome.

FRIEDLAND

By Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier of the French School

(Born 1815, died 1891)

One of the most important parts of Meissonier's magnificent homes was his stable. He loved horses and they were in many of his pictures. His drawing of them was perfect. He had a tram-car track built, and as he rode in the car with his pencil in hand he would have the horses put through their paces beside him so that he could note down every action.

His patience in perfecting every part of a picture was inexhaustible. His success and wealth never made any

difference in his industry. He would often work out of doors twelve hours a day, hardly stopping to eat. His care is illustrated by an incident. He wished to make a picture of a horseman passing along a deserted road in a strong wind. As he often did he first made a beautiful wax model of the horse and rider. The rider's cloak and hat and other apparel were made from the real materials and carefully adjusted. Then in order to get the effect of the wind on the cloak he dipped it into thin glue and placed it in the wind so that it became stiff.

Such things alone would not insure good pictures, nor would it be a good example for a beginner to follow. But Meissonier's great success was due to the wonderful exactness of everything, the reality which attached to his pictures especially his small interiors, showing every-day people about every-day affairs.

The picture before us is one of the uncompleted series of Napoleon and is his most celebrated work. He spent many years upon it. It is said that every figure was separately made from a model and that in order to get the trampled grain as it would really be, he bought a wheat field and hired a troop of cuirassiers to charge through it, he himself riding beside and carefully noting the attitudes of men and horses.

We may indeed call this realism and we see from the result that he did get a feeling of tremendous reality into the picture. If he had been an idealist he would have treated a battle in a very different way. In the picture we look at here we are convinced that it is a real scene — no one could have painted it without at least drawing directly from the figures. But it does not awaken the

emotion of a battle as another picture might do that fixed our attention upon some one incident that affected our feelings.

Meissonier fitted himself in a peculiar way for painting battle scenes. Upon the outbreak of the war between Austria and Italy in 1859, he obtained permission of the emperor, Napoleon III, to accompany the French army to the seat of war, and was present at the battle of Salferino. When the Franco-Prussian War came in 1870, he was one of the first to offer his services to his country, and during the siege of Paris occupied a high position on the staff of the National Guard.

In referring to "Friedland" the artist said, "I did not intend to paint a battle. I wanted to paint Napoleon at the zenith of his glory. . . . The men and the emperor are in the presence of each other. The soldiers cry out to him that they are his, and the great chief, whose imperial will directs the masses that move around him, salutes his devoted army."

Unlike many of his "great little pictures" this one is painted on a canvas eight feet wide by four and one half feet high. It was sold by the artist to the late A. T. Stewart for $60,000, and at the sale of the Stewart collection was bought for a much larger sum and presented to the Metropolitan Museum, New York, where it now hangs.

We have seen that Meissonier strove with infinite pains to make every part of his picture just as it really was. But this very care of his has led to unfavorable criticism and most artists do not believe that this is the way to present a scene. As one writer has recently well put it,

Friedland, by Meissonier, Metropolitan Museum, New York.

the artist should not try to make everything just as he knows it really is, but as it looks to him from the place where he is.

If you take the picture of "Friedland" you will see that the details of dress and feature are carried out fully at the right and left sides of the picture as well as in the center. Ask yourself the question whether from any one point of view any one eye could really see all these details at one time. I think you will agree that it would be impossible. Then to put everything into a picture is to represent what the artist could not have seen at any one time and therefore all the tremendous labor of presenting everything as it really was, does not, after all, give a *true* view of the scene as viewed by the human eye.

And if it is not true, then it is not the right way to do it. If you watch a person walk down the street you will observe that as the figure goes away one thing after another, that you could see when it was near, disappears and is blended into the general mass. Near by you can see the buttons on the coat, the wrinkles in the sleeve, the band on the hat and if you were drawing the figure near at hand, those things would all be indicated. But if you wished to truly represent the figure at the next corner you would not put in those things which you knew were there, but could not see, but would draw it as it looked at that distance. If you did not, it would not appear in its true relation to the other things around it. The eye can only focus upon a limited field at a time.

While Meissonier probably made a mistake in this respect, he was so really wonderful in many others that he is accepted as a great painter, and this criticism which

we can understand should help us in estimating not only his painting but that of other artists.

ANECDOTES OF MEISSONIER.

The life of Meissonier reads like a fairy tale. He ran the gamut from extreme poverty to wealth that enabled him to have everything he ever desired in lavish profusion. His mother died when he was ten years old and between him and his father there was little sympathy or understanding. Although in prosperous circumstances, his father gave the lad but a slight education and at seventeen secured for him a position in trade.

Here Meissonier swept the shop, waited upon customers and became an unwilling but faithful clerk. He persisted in his wish to study art and finally his father agreed to give him a week in which to find a painting master and a year in which to show whether he had really any talent. "At the end of that time, if you have not succeeded, you go back to the shop," was the warning.

At first he did not find a master but was admitted finally to a studio and there worked hard for several months. During this time his father's allowance was ten cents a day for food and an invitation to eat at home the Wednesday dinner.

Many a time when Meissonier was nearly starving he would drop in at his father's after the Wednesday dinner instead of before, because he was too proud to appear to need his father's niggardly assistance.

Later Meissonier got a place in the studio of Leon Cogniet, and there he had for fellow pupils Daubigny, afterwards to become one of the world's great land-

scape painters and other strong young men. Still in the grip of poverty he painted fans and bonbon boxes for a living and is said to have painted canvas at a dollar a yard.

Although Meissonier did not complain of these hardships he refused, in after life, to talk of his early days. He was not bitter at the time, for he is quoted as saying, "Is it possible to be unhappy when one is twenty, when life is all before one, when one has a passion for art, a free pass to the Louvre and sunshine gratis?" Meissonier satisfied his father that he really had talent and he was never compelled to "go back to the shop." Before he was twenty he had exhibited in the Salon. After this he made a short journey to Rome and on his return he succeeded in establishing himself as an illustrator, so as to earn his bread. As his reputation grew, his ability to make money increased and at twenty-eight he was married and the head of a household of his own, although at first a modest one.

Artists care very little for the opinion of the public but for the opinion of brother artists they care very much. It is said that Meissonier thought very highly of the opinion of Chenavard, a well-known painter from Lyons and much older than he. At one time he came to visit Meissonier's studio and examined all his canvases carefully, pausing before one of a violin player for a long time. There was the usual assortment. All except the violin player were in one way or another like many other pictures in the Louvre and elsewhere. "Do you expect," said the guest, "to do these things better

than Raphael and Michelangelo?" But in the little violin player he saw something original and individual and from that time Meissonier gave most of his time to painting those little scenes from every-day life which made him so rich and famous. His work was distinct and individual in at least two respects. First, he used for the most part very small canvases no bigger than his hand, and second, he carried out every detail of his work with the utmost fidelity and care. His subjects were endlessly elaborated yet revealed not the labor of doing it. Thoroughness and accuracy are two points in which his works most excel. So he stands alone. His things are different.

Meissonier was a great collector and when his paintings began to fetch such fabulous prices he collected all kinds of antiques, to such an extent in fact that he hardly ever had funds. He built a magnificent house in Paris and a fine country place at Poissy. He was more happy at home than anywhere else and made few long journeys. Some one said to him once, "You are rich —you can have as many of Meissonier's paintings as you like." "No," he said, "I cannot afford to have them; they have become too expensive for me."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF MEISSONIER'S PAINTINGS

Portrait of Himself.....Lyons Museum.
Friedland .....Metropolitan Museum, New York.
The Emperor and his Staff.....Luxembourg Museum, Paris.
The Sign-Painter.....Metropolitan Museum, New York.
La Rixe.....Buckingham Palace, London.
The Brothers Van de Velde.....Metropolitan Museum, New York.

WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?

By William Frederick Yeames, R.A., of the English School

(Born 1835.)

If not so famous as the other pictures in our collection, this one well illustrates a certain kind of historical painting.

It takes us back many years to the time in old England when a great struggle was going on between the Parliament and the king — Charles I, who was afterwards beheaded by order of the Parliament. The people's party, headed by Cromwell, said the king was a bad man and a bad king and that he made the people suffer. The king's party or the Royalists stood up for their king and were just as ardent in supporting him as the Puritans were in supporting Cromwell.

It made no end of trouble and bitterness. The Puritans were cruel and severe. They forbade luxuries of every sort and even destroyed beautiful works of art. Families were often divided and the heartaches and disasters of the time were almost beyond belief.

We need not take sides. Probably there was something to be said for both. Each had its great army. Cromwell's proved to be the stronger and although the Royalists gave their all for their king they could not save him from death on the scaffold. After that it was treason to favor the king's party.

In the picture we see a Royalist home invaded by the victorious Puritans. The father is hiding somewhere and the Puritan soldiers wish to find him. He may be

in the house. So they have brought his little son before them to try and find out. "Where did you last see your father?" If he answers truly it may be the death of his father. And yet, he has been taught never to tell a lie. How will he answer? This picture tells a story that every one can understand, for nearly every one is sooner or later placed in a position where he is overawed by stern circumstances and uncertain what it is right and best to do, although he alone must decide.

In a description of this picture Miss Woodruff says: "Pale but brave,— though timid too,— the little fellow looks, with the eyes of these men fixed coldly and sternly upon him. He is afraid, but he looks them boldly in the face, trembling, but firm. His little sister — her hands pressed against her eyes, and dressed in the quaint fashion of long ago — sobs as she listens for his words; and his older sister, and his lady mother too, tremble as they watch the boy, so like his father perhaps — that father so dear, and in such awful peril.

"What will be the little Royalist boy's answer? I will tell you what I imagine he will say:

"'Sirs, my father ever taught me to be noble — noble in nature, as I am in station. He taught me that to be a liar is to be base, and to be a coward is to be unworthy my father's son. I am a little child, but I must ever be true and brave as he would have me. So I cannot tell you what I know.'

"This is what I would wish him to say, but, alack! he does look so little and so weak!

"Whatever his answer may be, who can look at the picture and not feel his heart stir with pity and com-

"And when did you last see your father?" by William F. Yeames, R. A.
Walker Gallery, Liverpool.

passion; and hope — no matter whether the Parliament is right and the king wrong; or the king right and the Parliament wrong — that he will speak exactly the right words, and no other? Who will not hope that he will answer truthfully and fearlessly, without doing wrong to either his father or his conscience? Poor little fellow! he is placed in a trying and cruel position; but perhaps no more cruel and trying than many a lad was placed in during those trying times."

This picture we see not only tells a story but appeals very strongly to our sympathy and inspires a love of truth.

In the gallery where it hangs in Liverpool there are many other beautiful and famous paintings which appeal to us by the simple and touching stories they tell.

Notable historical paintings in this volume but not in this chapter are "The Surrender of Breda" on page 39, and "The Fighting Téméraire" on page 92. The Turners on pages 95 and 98 are semi-historical, dealing, as they do, with classical subjects.

SACRED AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS

During the golden age of art in the sixteenth century, paintings were to the people very much what books are to us to-day. These people could not read nor write, but they could understand pictures. So the pictures performed a great work in teaching and inspiring the mass of the people. As the Church was a great patron of art, many of the world's famous pictures relate to sacred subjects.

Previous to the great men whose works we shall examine, there began to be an improvement over the stiff and lifeless paintings of the Middle Ages. The men who began to learn a new way of painting were called Primitives. They were quiet, gentle, contemplative men and strove to put the "fair sweet faces full of divine tenderness," which they saw in their visions, upon canvas.

Cimabue (1240–1302) was the first notable artist in this reform, and his great pupil, Giotto (1266–1337), the shepherd boy who designed "Giotto's Tower" in Florence, was another.

Others came, Fra Filippo Lippi, Fra Angelico, men who helped to free painting more and more from its rigid lines and crude coloring. Purity and delicacy mark their work. Flesh begins to look alive. We notice for the first time warm shadows. Their drawing is still poor, the feet look wooden, but there is some-

thing very lovable about their works. Many of them remain to us to-day, still as beautiful in color, it seems, as the day they were painted, in the galleries of Florence chiefly, but a few elsewhere in Italy and even in America, waifs of serene beauty, appealing to all by reason of their sincerity, faith and calm joy.

Next came Perugino (1446–1524) and then in a few years, dimming by their glory and spendor all who had gone before, came the great Leonardo da Vinci, the great Raphael and, greatest of all, Michelangelo.

These last three were the great figures in painting of the period known as the Renaissance, or new birth, in Italy in the fifteenth century.

THE LAST SUPPER

By Leonardo Da Vinci of the Florentine School

(Born 1452, died 1519)

Only five or six pictures of this great master are recognized as his beyond dispute. One of them "The Last Supper," painted in oils on a wall in Milan, surpassed everything that had been done up to that time.

Time and events have nearly ruined it, but even to-day there is a certain grandeur about it. Others had painted the Last Supper, but though there had been sincere and dignified attempts there had never before been anything so dramatic.

In the picture Leonardo has seized the moment when Christ, surrounded by his twelve disciples, said: "One of you shall betray me." There were other dramatic moments at this fateful meal, as when Christ said: "He

that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me." This remark, if made the subject of the picture, would fix all attention upon two and show Judas convicted.

But Leonardo chose the remark upon which all present would show the greatest possible amazement, while the figure of Christ would be the center of all interest and observation. Vasari, whose "Lives of the Painters" is a well of information and delight which should be read by all, says of this:

"Leonardo succeeded to perfection in expressing the doubts and anxiety experienced by the Apostles, and the desire they felt to know by whom their Master is to be betrayed: in the faces of all appear love, terror, anger, or grief and bewilderment, unable as they are to fathom the meaning of their Lord. Nor is the spectator less struck with admiration by the force and truth with which the artist has exhibited the impious determination, hatred and treachery of Judas."

There is a story about this painting, relating to this very Judas' head. It seems that Leonardo did not get on with his painting fast enough to suit the prior of the monastery. Leonardo, we know, sometimes made long pauses in his works. If he was uncertain how to proceed he always waited until his mind was made up. We might guess that "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead" was his motto.

But this prior was in a hurry to have the picture finished and kept talking about it and asking when it would be completed so that the staging could be removed. Leonardo told the Duke of Milan, in whose service he

The Last Supper, Leonardo da Vinci, Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in Milan.

was, about the prior's impatience, and he explained to the duke that two heads were yet wanting — one of them the head of Judas.

This had caused him some anxiety since it was difficult to imagine the features that should properly render the countenance of "a man who, after so many benefits received from his Master, had possessed a heart so depraved as to be capable of betraying him." When the picture was finished, the head of Judas was so successful as to be indeed the true image of treachery and wickedness — but it proved to be also a portrait of the impertinent prior.

Another story of this picture is that the King of France (Francis I) was so impressed by the great painting that he employed architects and builders to try to devise some way of securing it, regardless of all expense, so that it might be removed to France. But no one dared to undertake such a task. The painting is so large that the figures are more than twice life size and being upon plaster it could not be moved without breaking. This French king's love and patronage were of great assistance to Leonardo in his later years.

Turn to the picture and select if you can in turn each of the figures described in the following characterization. "One in the act of drinking puts down his glass and turns his head to the speaker. Another twisting his fingers together, turns to his companion, knitting his eyebrows. Another, opening his hands and turning the palm toward the spectator, shrugs his shoulders, his mouth expressing the liveliest surprise. Another whispers in the ear of a companion, who turns to listen,

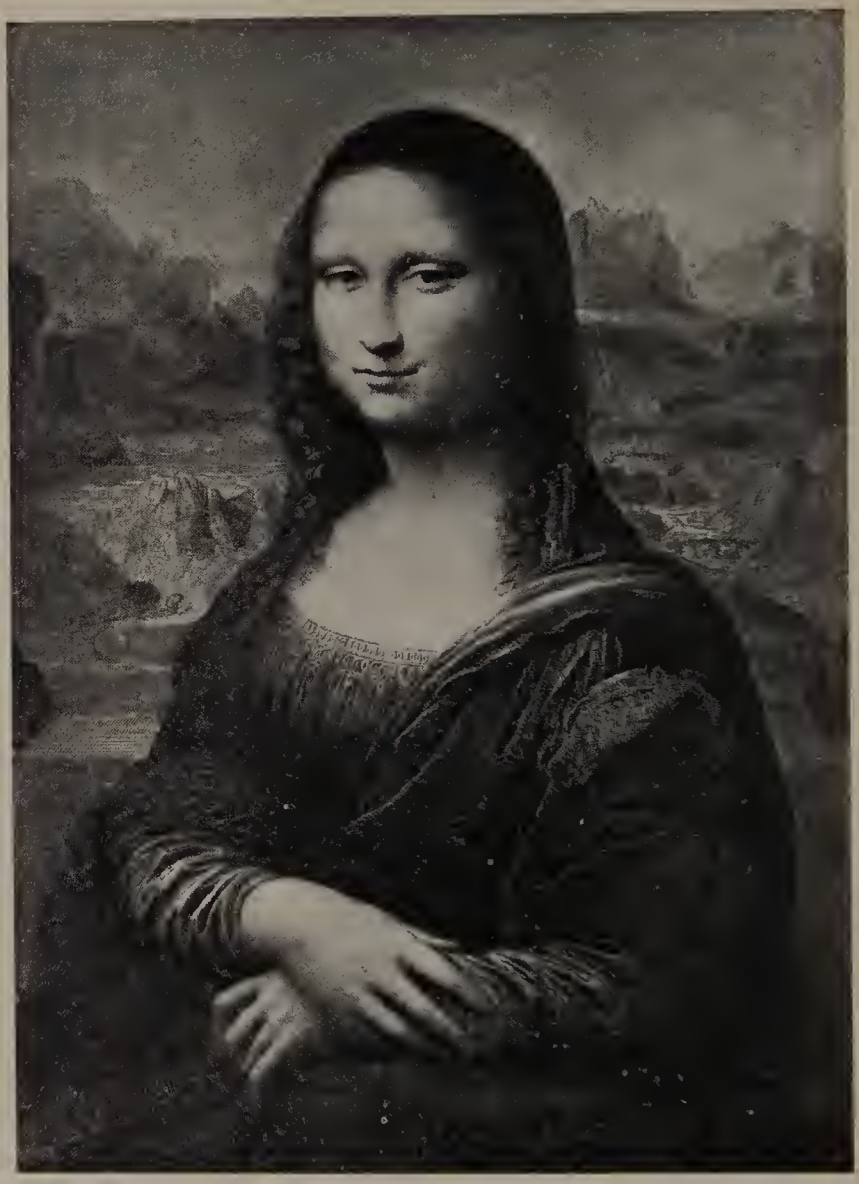
holding in one hand a knife, and in the other a loaf, which he has cut in two. Another turning around with a knife in his hand upsets a glass upon the table and looks; another gasps in amazement; another leans forward to gaze at the speaker, shading his eyes with his hand: another, drawing back behind the one who leans forward, looks into the space between the wall and the stooping disciple."

We have in Leonardo a striking example of the man who collects about him a school, who so advances his art that all who would do good work must imitate at least something he has shown them. One point in which Leonardo exceeded all predecessors was in his treatment of shadows, deepening and illuminating them so as to give his figures marked relief.

One of the pictures in our little gallery of Da Vinci's pictures, the "Mona Lisa," has lately become more famous than ever by reason of its theft from its place in the Louvre. The mysterious smile of this face has given rise to more discussion than all the other painted smiles in the world. Whether it is crafty or loving, it is truly subtle and hard to understand. (See page 140.)

It has been reported that an offer of five million dollars was once refused for this painting. Whether true or not, the story throws some light on what we mean by "priceless" treasures of art.

Even half a million dollars seems a great price for a single picture. Yet that was the price recently paid for Rembrandt's "The Mill." The picture may not represent such a value to the individual who looks at it. That will depend partly upon whether he is fitted to



The Mona Lisa, by Leonardo da Vinci, with its famous smile, mentioned on Page 139. Formerly in The Louvre.

understand it. But when all allowance has been made for the commercial features of picture dealing, these very big prices can only attach to truly great works, works that make a universal appeal and have qualities that really count.

ANECDOTES OF LEONARDO.

Leonardo da Vinci was born in 1452 at Vinci, a fortified town in Italy between Florence and Pisa. His father a little later went to Florence to live and there Leonardo remained until he was twenty-four years of age.

As he grew up Leonardo became noted for his beauty and strength and his eager desire to learn. He had golden hair and a wonderful eye. He had an "insatiable mind," and was not content to learn any one thing. He craved variety in his knowledge and in his deeds. Music and mathematics were his favorite studies at this time.

At fifteen he entered the studio of Andrea Verrocchio, a good artist of the time. Here the brilliant Leonardo became a general favorite both with his master and with his comrades. In July, 1481, he had so far progressed and prospered as to be living in his own house in Florence.

We do not hear much of him during the next few years but in 1487 we find him in the Court of Milan. It appears that he had been sent thither by the powerful Lorenzo de Medici and possibly had been recommended by him to the Duke of Milan to execute a statue.

There is a famous letter which Leonardo wrote the duke in offering his services. After dwelling upon his capacity as a military engineer and his ability to construct cannons and scaling ladders, mortars and engines of beautiful and effective design, he concludes: "In time of peace I believe I can equal any one in architecture, in constructing public and private buildings and in conducting water from one place to another. I can execute sculpture whether in marble, bronze or terra cotta; and in painting I can do as much as any other. Further, I could engage to execute the bronze horse in eternal memory of your father."

Leonardo convinced the duke and was engaged to make the statue. During the next ten years he spent much of his time upon it. Endless were the labors and cares expended. After ten years the model was unveiled under a triumphal arch and was hailed as the greatest since Phidias and Praxiteles.

But about this time the duke's dominions were threatened. The project was never carried out and eventually the model fell to pieces and perished. In all, Leonardo spent sixteen years in the service of the duke, not only working upon the sculpture of the colossal horse but executing decorations and paintings. In 1487 he made a model for the cupola of Milan Cathedral. He was made ducal engineer and had a share in making a famous canal.

After the fall of the duke, Leonardo left Milan and spent sixteen years in constant journeyings up and down Italy. At many places he painted and did other works. His pauses of which we have spoken were often noted.

At one time he delayed over a picture for months and months and did nothing at all. But at last he produced a work which filled all with wonder and delight and brought a continuous procession of men, women and children to view it. When it was shown the whole town was stirred and the day was like a solemn feast day.

Thus he proved what he had himself said in explaining why he was so long finishing "The Last Supper," namely, that an artist is often producing most when he seems to be laboring least, his mind being occupied in the development of his ideas and the conception of the subjects to which he afterwards gives form and expression with the hand.

When Leonardo was fifty he was again in Florence, making elaborate plans for a canal between Pisa and Florence. In the next year he was present at a consultation amongst the leading artists of the day to decide upon a site for the great statue of David by Michelangelo. At about this time he and Michelangelo were commissioned to work together on plans for the decoration of the Palazzo Vecchio. A great battle scene was assigned to Leonardo. The subject pleased him, and to work beside Michelangelo, where their productions would be compared, was an incentive to putting forth his greatest powers.

The design was hailed as splendid, but the whole was doomed to failure because the damp plaster made the colors run together. He had devoted untiring effort in order to make an enduring fresco but his experiment was lost. He abandoned the work with chagrin and dis-

gust and the design was afterwards lost. It was after this that the famous "Mona Lisa" was painted.

Later, Leonardo spent some time in Rome. Not meeting with great success he came back to Florence, and in about 1515 when King Francis I of France came to visit Italy, Leonardo went to meet him.

The monarch, who admired both the man and his work, gave him a handsome pension and treated him with greatest honor. Leonardo went with him to France and was settled in a manor house near the royal palace.

But his health had begun to fail and before long his right arm was paralyzed. His powers of mind were still active and he devoted his attention to the plans of his royal patron until he died, in 1519.

Leonardo was universal in his genius. He was a painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, musician, philosopher, chemist, botanist, geologist and writer. Vasari says: "The richest gifts are occasionally seen to be gathered in one sole person: beauty, grace and talent being united in such a manner, that to whatever the man thus favored may turn, his every action is so divine as to leave all other men far behind."

Leonard loved nature intensely. He studied every flower and tree about his country home; he made companions of the river Arno, the changing clouds, the snow-capped mountains. Passionately fond of music, he not only learned to play the guitar and lute but invented a lyre of his own.

He was so tender-hearted that Vasari says, when he passed places where birds were sold he would frequently take them from their cages, and having paid the price

demanded for them by the sellers, would let them fly into the air, thus restoring to them the liberty they had lost.

Leonardo's astronomical speculations, his remarks on fossils, at that time believed to be mere freaks of nature, his close study of botany, his researches in chemistry, color, heat, light, mechanics, music, acoustics and magnetism, have been the astonishment of every reader.

Recently, English engineers were sent to Lombardy to copy his system of irrigation for use in India. One of his admirers says, too, that he had a heart of gold in his body of iron.

Every one who cares for pictures will have to read his "Treatise on Painting." What he did is all the more wonderful because he was the first to understand many of the processes in painting and went far ahead of any of the artists who had preceded him.

Among Leonardo's printed works are many fables. One of them is the fable of the razor which came out of the sheath in which it was usually kept, and, seeing how brightly the sun was reflected from its surface, said to itself how wrong it was that such beauty should be covered by a sheath and given over to the common uses of a barber. Therefore it concealed itself from the barber and decided to pass its life in calm repose.

One day coming into the sun again it saw that its surface was covered with rust and that it could no longer reflect the sun. It lamented in vain this irreparable loss and said to itself, "How much better had I kept my brightness and keenness by practising with the bar-

ber." The moral Da Vinci points out: "If genius chooses to indulge in sloth, it must not expect to preserve the keen edge which the rust of ignorance will soon destroy."

Among Da Vinci's writings are found many terse morals among which are the following:

"It is easier to contend with the evil at first than at last."

"You can have no dominion greater or less than over yourself."

"Reprove your friend in secret, and praise him openly."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF LEONARDO DA VINCI'S PAINTINGS

The Last Supper.....Santa Maria Delle Grazie, Milan.
The Virgin of the Rocks.....Louvre, Paris.
Mona Lisa..... .....Stolen from the Louvre, Paris.

THE SISTINE MADONNA

By Raphael Sanzio, or Santi, of the Florentine School

(Born 1483, died 1520)

Many critics say that the "Sistine Madonna" is the finest picture in the world. It was the supreme effort of the great artist, who painted it a short time before his early death. It inspired Goethe's muse, who sings thus of it:

> Model for mothers — queen of women —
> A magic brush has, by enchantment,
> Fixed her there.

The Sistine Madonna, by Raphael. Dresden Gallery.

The painting, a large canvas about nine by seven feet, is in the Royal Gallery at Dresden. It is placed in a separate room, magnificently mounted upon an elevation, and inclosed in glass. There is always a hush in this room, filled though it is with people.

Something about the great painting appeals to all, the old and the young, the learned and the simple. It was before this picture, it is said, that Correggio cried: "And I, also, I am a painter!"

In the picture, the Madonna and Child are upborne by clouds. On the left, the venerable Pope Sixtus lifts his face toward them. On the right, the youthful St. Barbara smiles down at the twin cherubs who have strayed from the angel band. The green curtains at the sides appear to have been drawn back suddenly to disclose this wonderful vision. "Angels must have mixed the colors," says one writer.

St. Barbara has a miniature tower at her shoulder. This is her symbol. The story is that she was imprisoned in a tower, from which she escaped, and nearly always, when she appears in picture, a tower is introduced alongside her figure. Nearly all the saints and personages frequently depicted in sacred art had their special symbols near them to identify them. In visiting the galleries of Europe, where the treasures of early art are assembled, a knowledge of the symbols, especially the most common ones, is very useful, and enables us to get at the meaning of a picture much more quickly.

Among the interesting emblems that are used by the old masters and that help us in understanding their pictures, a few are given below:

The Nimbus and Aureole are used to indicate some holy being. This is usually circular, but if made square, it shows that the person represented was then living.

The Lamb is the peculiar symbol of our Saviour; but it is also given to John the Baptist to typify sacrifice, and to St. Agnes as an emblem of meekness and modesty.

The Serpent is an emblem of sin.

The Peacock is an emblem of immortality; in mythological pictures it accompanies Juno.

The Dove is an emblem of the Holy Ghost; also of simplicity and purity.

The Sword signifies martyrdom. *Arrows* are given to St. Sebastian, and to others who died by them.

Among plants and fruits the *Palm* is the symbol of victory, the *Olive* of peace, the *Lily* of purity, the *Apple* of the fall from Paradise, the *Pomegranate* of happy immortality.

In the "Sistine Madonna," the mother and child are the most wonderful figures in the picture. Something in the mother's face seems to typify motherhood itself, while the face of the child is beyond criticism. One writer says that in this picture Raphael has united his deepest thought, his profoundest insight, his completest loveliness. "It belongs to no special epoch." These figures, this vision, exist for all mankind, for all time. "They present an immortal truth in a form which makes a universal appeal."

One thing worth studying in this picture is the pyramids made by various parts of the composition. One of the chief principles of composition in art is symmetry.

A pyramid expresses both solidity and lightness. Now lines drawn from the Virgin's head to the shoulders of the two attendant figures would make a pyramidal

figure with its base, say, just above their shoulders. The curtains drawn aside emphasize this effect. The lines of the clothing of the two figures have a tendency to go the other way, and to meet at a point between the two cupids at the bottom, making an inverted pyramid — the two together forming a diamond.

Each of the three principal persons in the upper pyramid repeats the form of a pyramid, as would be shown by a line from the top of the head and along the shoulders. Thus the large triangle is repeated in several smaller ones. Besides this, in each full face, lines connecting the eyes with the lower part of the face would make an inverted pyramid. Then notice how the mother and child together, from the waist up, aided by the drapery, are built into a perfect pyramid.

This simple arrangement or composition is even more apparent, when we have learned to look for it, in many of the early paintings, but we have pointed it out in this picture because Raphael was supreme in this side of his art. No one had his perfect *instinct* for grouping the figures and accessories to fill a space symmetrically. In composition he was the greatest of all the painters.

Before an artist has begun a new picture he has an idea in his mind of what it is to represent. In his first sketch, he begins by *selecting* what is to appear in the picture, and then *arranges* the various objects in the space he has to fill. Not until these are fairly well decided upon, does he proceed with other details.

In doing this, there are certain principles. Some of these we may notice in Raphael's picture, namely, symmetry, balance, and repetition. Besides pyramids

and triangles, artists use circles, angles, squares and all combinations of straight and curved lines.

But if there is a jumble of forms with no plan, there is little beauty. Even the empty spaces must balance each other in order to satisfy the eye. Look over a number of good pictures and examine them to see what you can discover for yourself about their composition. One of its great objects should be to emphasize the leading thought of the picture — to fix the attention upon some particular thing.

In Gruyer's description of this painting are the following remarks: "Raphael rises in this work infinitely higher than any other had ever done, and displays something superior to art and inaccessible to science. Nothing could be more elementary than the idea of such a picture. Why are such simple means so highly successful in exalting our feelings? . . . The glance of the child is truly splendid: it fascinates you. . . . The Virgin remains serene and calm . . . she appears like the dawning light, she advances from right to left, beautiful as the skies, light as the cloud that bears her. Her flight through the air is marked by royal nobleness and dignity. She wears a red robe and a white mantle: and Art has never done greater things with drapery than with such simple elements. The whole coloring is just what it should be in such a subject; while keeping to a sweet, calm, and peaceful scene, it is resplendent with light, and we ask ourselves whether it is not the hand of an angel rather than that of man that has been able to realize such a marvel. It is the most beautiful picture in the world. To copy it is to attempt the impossible.

Madonna della gran duca, by Raphael. Pitti Palace. Florence.

A Cherub, from a decoration by Raphael, in The Vatican, Rome.

Study it a hundred times, and a hundred times it will reveal itself under a new aspect."

The two cherubs leaning upon their elbows at the bottom of the picture are beloved the world over and thousands of prints of their wistful faces have found their way into hearts and homes. The originals were probably two little Italian boys gazing hungrily into the window of a baker shop.

ANECDOTES OF RAPHAEL.

Raphael was born at Urbino, Italy, in March, 1483. His family were in comfortable circumstances, and his father was a painter of no mean ability. Raphael, therefore, did not have to encounter the opposition to his chosen work which so many painters do.

His mother was a woman of great sweetness of character, and although she died when Raphael was only eight years old, we may suppose that the helpful and cheerful nature for which he was noted all his life, may have been largely due to her. His father died when Raphael was but eleven, and the full details of the orphan's life, until he was about sixteen, are not known to us. The associations of his boyhood were refined, if not aristocratic. Probably most of his time at this period was spent with his uncle, Father Bartolommeo, to whom his general education, no less than his art education, was intrusted.

The chief event of his early life was a visit to Perugia in about 1500, when he was seventeen, to watch the famous painter Perugino, who was then working upon some important pictures. Raphael was delighted with

what he saw, offered himself as a pupil, and we soon find him busy about the studio of Perugino, one of the greatest painters then living, helping him in every way, grinding colors, making preliminary sketches, preparing canvases, and so forth. Perugino said, after seeing the early sketches of Raphael, "Let him be my pupil, he will soon be my master."

During the following two years, he did much work copying and painting original pictures. By the time he was twenty, he had executed important commissions, and some of his paintings were attaining reputation. He visited other cities, including Florence, and his fame spread. In 1504, he returned to his old home, where he was received with distinction and honors, and among all the men of letters, artists, and philosophers at court, none bore himself more gracefully than Raphael.

The next four years of his life were spent in Florence. Here he found himself in a busy city quite different from the town he had left. Here he met many of the great men of the time — Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, and Michelangelo. They were very fruitful years. Nearly forty madonnas came from his easel.

Of his intimate, personal life here, we know little more than that he was serious and thoughtful, old for his years, simple in his life, and working incessantly. Suddenly he was called to Rome. Pope Julius II commanded him to decorate some rooms in the Vatican.

Here his reception was brilliant, and the work planned for the Vatican was more than enough for a lifetime. His frescos there are still one of the wonders of the world. Prosperity smiled upon him. He built a palace

near the Vatican and lived luxuriously, but, whenever another painter, whether a friend or not, wanted help, Raphael would always leave his work and go to his

Portrait of himself, by Raphael. Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

assistance. He continually kept many artists employed, all of whom he aided and instructed, with an affection that was rather like that of a father for his children than merely that of an artist for his assistants. It is related that, at this time, he never left his house for the court without being accompanied by as many as fifty painters, all men of ability, who attended him thus to show the honor in which they held him.

Besides his great frescos, mostly of religious subjects, we find that he loved to take up other themes, such as his "Vision of a Knight," and "St. George and the Dragon."

The lovers of painting in Rome were divided in opinion as to the relative merits of Michelangelo and Raphael. They formed two great parties, as it were, but the party for Raphael was much the larger, because of his personal popularity.

It was a time of the flowering out of magnificent art, and there were then in the world a galaxy of great artists such as have never since been living at one time. Raphael was younger than most of these great men, and yet many of them were destined to outlive him.

Surrounded by power, wealth, hope, and fame, and in the prime of manhood, he was suddenly seized by a fever, and died within fifteen days, on April sixth, just after the thirty-seventh anniversary of his birth. His body was placed in his studio, with the unfinished "Transfiguration," one of his most famous works, at its head, and all who could gain admission flocked there to do honor to the dead master and to look upon the "divine picture." His resting-place is in the Pantheon.

One of his maxims was, "We must not represent things as they are, but as they should be."

Some verses of Whittier's give us a poet's thoughts on a picture of Raphael.

I shall not soon forget the sight:
The glow of autumn's westering day,
A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,
The fair face of a musing boy;
Yet, while I gazed a sense of awe
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print,— the graceful flow
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow
Unmarked and clear were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose
I saw the inward spirit shine;

. . . . . .

The narrow room had vanished,— space,
Broad, luminous, remained alone,
Through which all hues and shapes of grace
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF RAPHAEL'S PAINTINGS

The Knight's Vision.....National Gallery, London.
St. George with Sword.....Louvre, Paris.
Portrait of Himself.....Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Madonna with Goldfinch.....Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Frescos.....Vatican, Rome.
Madonna of the Chair.....Pitti Palace, Florence
St. Cecilia.....Bologna Gallery.
Sistine Madonna.....Dresden Gallery.
St. Michael Slaying the Dragon.....Louvre, Paris.

THE YOUNG ST. JOHN

By Andrea del Sarto of the Florentine School

(Born 1486, died 1531)

Some one has said that there is more in a face than a portrait; there is the creation of a beautiful ideal. Another has put it, "A portrait may be more than a man: it may be an expression of beauty." This is what we think of when we see this life-size figure of St. John by Andrea del Sarto which hangs in the Pitti Palace at Florence. He is clad in a skin robe and red drapery, with a bowl in his right hand and in his left a fold of paper.

The art of Andrea del Sarto, blossoming at a time when it could be compared with the greatest artists of the world, is somewhat dimmed by comparison. Though he has left behind some of the world's most wonderful pictures, he seems to have fallen just short of true genius.

He was a master of painting, of drawing and especially of rich coloring, and his paintings have been admired by the world's best critics, all of whom agree that his unfortunate marriage prevented him from reaching the excellence of which he was capable. In painting children and female heads he was at his best, but he was fettered by domestic tyrannies, limited by his own timidity and forced to repeat himself as a means of making money. One of Robert Browning's greatest poems is called "Andrea del Sarto." In this the artist is made to say, first telling us how easily he could paint:

The Young St. John, by Andrea del Sarto. Pitti Palace, Florence.

"I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep —
Do easily too — when I say perfectly
I do not boast. . . .
I do what many dream of all their lives,
— Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing."

But though he knew how easy it was for him to do what others strove through life and failed to accomplish, he himself felt the something lacking and goes on to tell us:

". . . All is silver gray
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse.
I know both what I want, and what might gain,
And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
'Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have overlooked the world.'"

Yet he was a painter of beauty, never more beautiful than in this ideal vision of the Young John. When an artist succeeds in getting great beauty into a canvas he often waits a long time to think of a name for it. He has really not thought of anything definite but to produce an expression of beauty. So he casts about for a name for it: something to give it a motive. After this perhaps he will add accessories to make the motive plain. In many cases we know that in this way pictures came to have their names. The title gives a religious motive to this picture and accounts to us for the earnestness of the beautiful face.

ANECDOTES OF ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Andrea del Sarto was the son of a tailor and his name means only "The Tailor's Andrew." At seven he was placed in a goldsmith's shop. He early showed his talent for drawing and was soon studying under a poor master. After three years of this he obtained a better one, Piero di Cosimo, under whom he made rapid progress and astonished every one by his work. At twenty-two he had a studio of his own and we find him painting frescos in the Church of the Annunziata. These beautiful works are among the best he ever did and were nothing less than marvels in a youth of twenty-two.

Andrea was not destined to lead a happy life but to marry a wife unworthy of the love and devotion he lavished upon her to the last. So we read of his early years with some satisfaction. In his youthful days he lived in a colony of young artists and led a gay and joyful life. Suppers and the masques and evenings of entertainment among his chosen and trusted friends were the delight of his life. But he never ceased to work diligently.

Andrea was fascinated by the charms of his wife but she drove away his pupils and patrons by her violent temper and her extravagance kept him ever poor. He soon found that he had not only his wife but her father and sister to provide for and his life was one of grinding toil.

In 1518 he was called to France by King Francis I, who was a patron of art and who admired some of

St. Agnes and the Lamb, by Andrea del Sarto. Pisa Cathedral. A canvas of great beauty. Note the landscape through the opening.

Andrea's work which he had seen. He was very liberal to the artist but after about a year Andrea's wife insisted upon his returning to Florence. Once there he forgot his promises to return, spent the money he had earned upon a home and presents for his wife and settled down, destined to live out his life deprived of the career his art entitled him to.

At forty-five he was taken suddenly sick of the plague and was deserted by his wife who fled from the house in terror and left him to die alone. It is said that very many years after this, an old woman eighty years of age was walking in front of one of Andrea's beautiful frescos which an artist was sitting copying. Pointing to the handsome face in the picture the wrinkled old hag said she had been the model. She had annoyed and abused him in life and deserted him in death, but in her last years it was her greatest pride that she had once been his wife.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF ANDREA DEL SARTO'S PAINTINGS

Madonna of the Harpies: ..... Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Portrait of a Sculptor ..... National Gallery, London.
Madonna of the Sack ..... Church of the Annunziata, Florence.
St. John the Baptist ..... Pitti Palace, Florence.
Disputation on the Trinity ..... Pitti Palace, Florence.

HOLY NIGHT

By Antonio Allegri da Correggio of the Lombard School

(Born 1494, died 1534)

One of the world's great paintings is a Christmas painting — the "Holy Night" at Bethlehem. Its great, dis-

tinguishing feature as a painting is the fact that the light radiates from the face and body of the infant Saviour, producing a wonderful effect. No one had thought of doing just this thing before, although many have imitated the idea since. Thus we may attribute to Correggio originality as well as genius.

The picture represents the scene of the Nativity as a stable built among the ruins of some ancient temple. This accounts for the pillar which is a noticeable feature in the picture.

The manger in which the child lies is made of rough wood, and he lies upon a bundle of straw, while the mother, kneeling beside him and having taken him into her arms, gazes upon him with love and rapture.

One of the characteristics of Correggio's painting was his rich and harmonious coloring. The dress of the Virgin is of soft blue, over which is a crimson robe and a mantle of deep blue.

In front of the column stands a woman, and close beside her a shepherd, his head turned toward another shepherd dressed in red, who occupies the extreme left of the canvas.

The man's figure in the middle distance is supposed to be St. Joseph.

In the further distance we see the landscape — blue hills over which the day is breaking.

Let us look at the angels at the upper left-hand corner of the picture. Vasari says of them, that they seem rather to have been showered from heaven than formed by the hand of man.

Correggio is given more credit by the critics for his

Holy Night, by Correggio. Dresden Gallery.

St. John, by Correggio. Parma, Italy.

coloring and composition than for his drawing, yet in this group of angels, we see that he was not afraid to introduce bold foreshortening of the figures, a thing most difficult to do successfully.

This "foreshortening" (that is, representing objects as though they reached out toward the beholder) is found in so many of Correggio's paintings that it is a characteristic of his work. In ceilings and domes, he has shown us some of the finest examples of foreshortenings ever known, and, when we consider that it was not so common to find it among preceding artists, we feel again his originality and his tendency to do novel things rather than to copy the style and methods of others.

This painting was begun before he was thirty, and when we remember that he had not studied the great masters, and had lived in a remote village, we wonder still more that one of the greatest works of the world should have come from his brush. Vasari says his creations smile so naturally at us, that we are moved to smile also. And Mrs. Van Rensselaer adds, "There are souls behind his tender bodies and smiling faces; and souls, we feel, that are joyous and innocent in their very essence."

Besides his work for the convents and churches, Cor-

reggio painted a number of pictures representing mythological subjects, and they are among the most beautiful ever made.

ANECDOTES OF CORREGGIO.

Correggio was born in 1494, in the little Italian town from which he takes his name — just two years after Columbus had discovered America.

This was a good many years after the birth of Michelangelo, but, although we have full particulars of the lives of many, even earlier painters, we know little about Correggio.

This is chiefly because he lived far away from the great art centers of his time, such as Venice, Florence, and Rome, and did not come in contact with the other great painters of his day. It is not likely that Michelangelo or Raphael ever heard his name.

There is no other great artist in history who was so largely self-taught as Correggio.

When quite a boy, he went to school in Parma. In his seventeenth year, the plague drove his family to Mantua, where he saw and studied the works of Mantegna.

Ceiling fresco, by Correggio. From the Convent of San Paolo, Parma, Italy.

He was soon back in Parma,

Madonna della Scala, by Correggio.
Parma, Italy.

Madonna della Scodella, by Correggio.
Parma, Italy.

where he had plenty to do. His decorations there in the cathedral, in the cloisters of San Paolo, and in the Church of San Giovanni, are among the greatest of his works.

One branch of study to which he was devoted was anatomy. This he learned from a physician, whose portrait he has left to us. He was among the first to feel the necessity for such knowledge, but it is now a recognized part of an artist's preparation.

Even his early work was very wonderful. A beautiful painting done when he was only nineteen, may be seen in the convent on the island of Capri.

At twenty-three, he painted The Marriage of St. Catherine, another of the world's great pictures, which now hangs in the Louvre.

It is related that Titian said to some monks who were about to replace some of Correggio's frescos: "Have a care what you do; if I were not Titian, I should wish to be Correggio," and again, speaking of a dome which Correggio had painted, "Turn the cupola upside down, and fill it with gold, and you will not then have its money's worth."

From the meager records that we have, it appears that Correggio lived a gentle and happy life, and died when barely forty. But, as Leonardo da Vinci said of him, "a life well spent is long."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF CORREGGIO'S PAINTINGS

Holy Night.....Dresden Gallery.
Marriage of St. Catherine.....The Louvre.
Cherubs.....Frescos at St. Paul's, Parma.
Allegory of Virtue.....The Louvre.
Madonna with St. Sebastian.....Dresden Gallery.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

By Peter Paul Rubens of the Flemish School

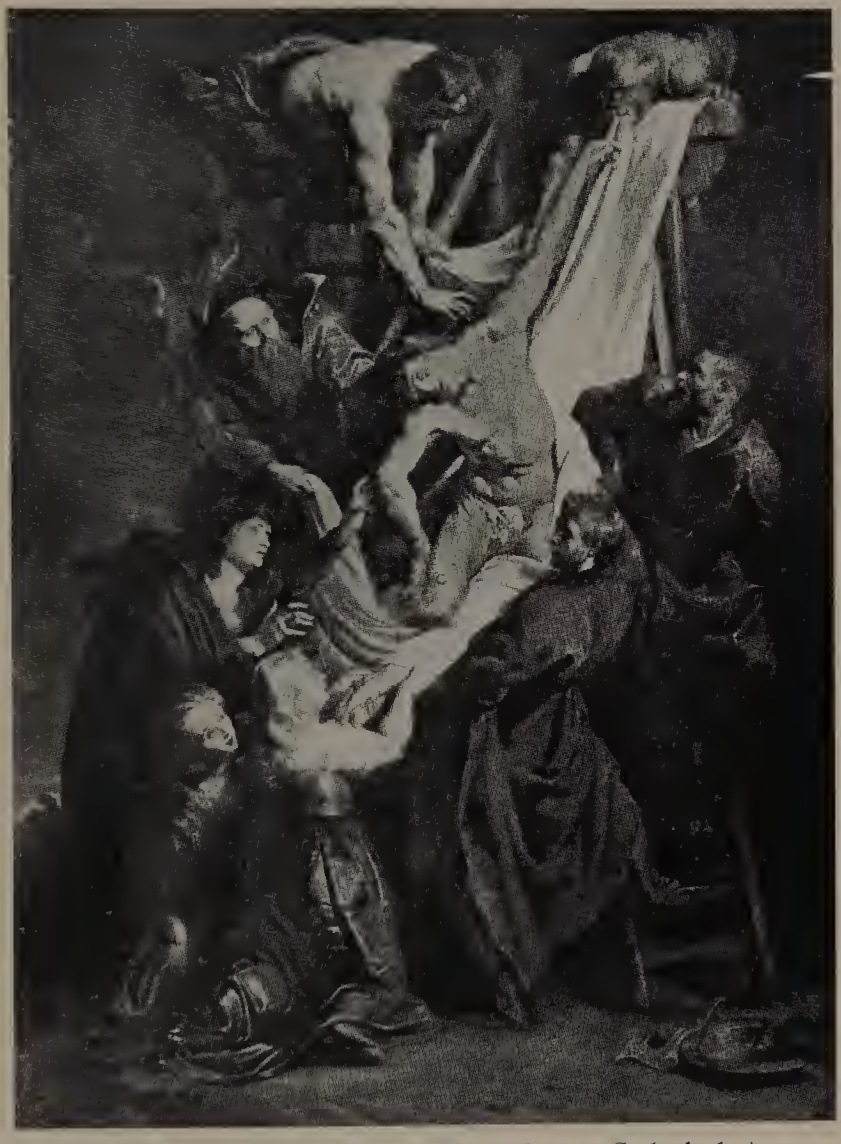
(Born 1577, died 1640)

This is one of the world's most famous pictures. It is different from any other in this book because it arouses our feelings of awe and pity. It portrays noble suffering but in a very beautiful way. Look at the faces. There is grief and sorrow but not thoughtless gesticulations. In spite of the sad scene which the picture represents its strongest impression upon us is of its beauty. The coloring is not rich but rather calculated to be effective from a distance, or, as artists express it, to "carry."

What we see is the few faithful friends tenderly caring for the dead Christ. The three Marys are in the lower left corner. Young John supports the weight. Peter has climbed the ladder.

If you partly close your eyes you will note that the chief light in the picture is along the center. The body of the Saviour is the focus that holds the eye most of all. Fromentin writes: "It is one of the most beautiful figures that Rubens ever conceived. Pliant and almost meager, it has an inexpressible slender grace which gives it all the delicacy of nature. No one can ever forget the effect of that long body, the head fallen to one side, so livid and limp in its pallor, whence all pain has passed away. In what an exhausted attitude it glides along the winding sheet, with what affectionate anguish it is received by the outstretched arms of the women. How heavy it is and how precious to bear!"

We have spoken of the light along the center of the



Descent from the Cross, by Peter Paul Rubens. Cathedral, Antwerp.

picture. The contrast here of lights and shade is well worth study for it is perfectly carried out and balanced. It is finely decorative and in addition to the contrast of light and shade there is a contrast between the living flesh tints of the attending figures and the pallor of the central one. Rubens is noted far and wide for his chiaroscuro.

This, as before described, we may call the distribution in a picture of light and shade. Its first use is to show the roundness or flatness of objects, the raised parts catching the light in different degrees and the receding parts being more in shadow. But by distributing these lights and darks agreeably in a picture the effect of pattern or decoration is given, which is important. Rubens not only did this, but especially in this great canvas, the mystery of the shadows and the clearness of the lights so mingle with each other and blend with the thought of the picture as strangely to awaken the emotions.

One man has put it that Rubens' imagination was like a marvelous mirror which had the power of reconstructing great spectacles, catching them in their most expressive moments of reality.

Rubens used the richest of colors and his canvases glow with the full blood of life.

ANECDOTES OF RUBENS.

Noble by birth and possessed of high character and profound learning, the father of Rubens was able to impress a little of his own character upon his son although

death separated them when Rubens was only ten years old. With the permission of his mother he was early apprenticed to a painter for it was easy to see that nature intended him for an artist. At the age of twenty-three, having nothing more to learn in Flanders, he journeyed to Italy that he might study the great artists.

When he reached Venice, he lodged by the merest chance in the same house with a man who was attached to the Duke of Mantua, and this man seeing some of Rubens' work, showed it to the duke. The latter became interested and offered to take Rubens into his suite. This offer Rubens accepted and so good to him was the duke that ever after Rubens gloried in having been his servitor. The dukes of those days were rich and powerful and to gain their favor was to win whatever one wanted.

After being with the duke for some time, Rubens went to Rome where he painted four pictures for the Church of Santa Croce. A little later the duke sent him to the King of Spain with the present of a splendid coach drawn by seven horses. This was an agreeable mission to Rubens for he was a man of fine bearing and blessed with learning and the art of conversation. The king was as pleased with him as Rubens was with his journey. After this he went again to Venice, copying and studying minutely the great examples of the Venetian school of painting — works by Titian, Tintoretto and Paul Veronese.

When Rubens had been eight years in Italy the illness and death of his mother took him back to Flanders. His

fame as a painter had preceded him. The king and queen commissioned him to paint their portraits and in every way tried to attach him to their court.

He feared that the amusements of court life would interfere with his work and prevent his reaching the full perfection of his art and finally obtained permission to establish his residence and studio at Antwerp. Here he built himself a magnificent house and filled it and its gardens with works of art and beautiful furniture.

His friends were noblemen and people of quality in whose society his natural gifts as well as his artistic genius made him welcome. At about this time he was called to Paris to decorate the Palace of the Luxembourg with two series of great paintings. The first series he finished and they are one of the great monuments to his genius.

During this stay in Paris, or in 1625, when Rubens was about forty-six he met the Duke of Buckingham whose portrait he painted. They became very intimate and the duke knowing of the splendid impression Rubens had made in Spain told him how sorry he was for the wars that so embroiled the kingdoms of Spain and England and that he had a plan to reconcile them.

As the result of this Rubens was despatched later with commissions from the King of Spain to the King of England intended to advance the settlement of their disputes. Charles I of England was fond of painting and received him with great honors. It was while in England that a courtier entering a room in Whitehall Palace where Rubens was painting exclaimed, "Ah, His Majesty's ambassador occasionally amuses himself with

painting." "On the contrary," replied Rubens, "the painter occasionally amuses himself with diplomacy."

When Rubens had concluded the peace to the satisfaction of both countries the king knighted him as the Spanish king had done, gave him the sword and ring he then wore and presented him with a string of diamonds. Going to Spain he had other honors heaped upon him, and while there entered upon a memorable friendship with another great painter, Velasquez.

Rubens was of large stature, commanding presence and handsome features. The qualities with which nature had endowed him and the virtues he had acquired gave him the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His manners were courtly, his humor easy, his wit quick and sparkling, his conversation apt and the sound of his voice most agreeable.

His habits were regular — he usually rose as early as four o'clock and he was always busy. While he was painting he conversed easily without interfering with his progress. He ate and drank sparingly and his favorite exercise was riding his horse. He died at the age of sixty-four, having lived a wonderfully complete, useful and happy life.

It is said that when the Duke of Buckingham offered him a great price for his art treasures he consented to part with them, but first took casts of all the statues and made with his own hand copies of all the pictures.

His work is distinguished by great imagination. He was a painter of light. He who has seen one of his canvases knows them all, for he has a style that is not to be forgotten.

His figures were so true to life that someone said he must mix blood with his paints.

He loved to paint animals and at one time had a lion in his house.

When urged to advance money for use in alchemy, then so prevalent (see pages 202 and 203), he refused, saying that his brush turned all to gold.

When Van Dyck, his former pupil, was in need, Rubens bought many of his pictures, and even did the same thing for a worthy enemy.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF RUBENS' PAINTINGS

Descent from the Cross.....Antwerp Cathedral.
Rubens' Sons.....Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna.
Portrait of Helena Fourment....Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg.
Children with Garland of Fruit.....Munich Gallery.
Castor and Pollux.....Munich Gallery.
Coronation of Marie de Medici.....Louvre, Paris.
Emperor Maximilian I.....Imperial Gallery, Vienna.
A Lion Hunt.....Munich Gallery.
Portrait of Himself.....Imperial Gallery, Vienna.

Among the religious paintings in this volume but not included in this chapter are the Murillos on pages 44 and 46, and The Child Samuel on page 53.

DECORATION

Decoration is a quite distinct branch of painting. There are many things that distinguish a large wall-painting or ceiling decoration from other kinds of painting, and because Michelangelo's frescos in the Sistine Chapel are the greatest examples of this art, we select them to illustrate some of the things we wish to talk about.

Decorative and mural painting is a very important branch of art. Numerous things have to be thought of which need not be taken into account in making a small landscape or a portrait.

One thing is that the work is to go into a certain place and there remain permanently. If that place is in a poor light, and this is very often the case, the colors must be lighter and the contrasts stronger in order to be seen well. Usually different angles come into the same picture or scheme, and doorways may project into the middle of a space.

In painting a portrait the artist uses varnish or turpentine to mix with his color so that the brush will carry it readily, but in wall painting, to avoid the gloss, he uses the white of an egg or glue or some such material. It is necessary to have a dull surface so that any part may be seen from any place.

The wall itself must also be considered carefully for ordinary plaster often cracks and a great work might thus be unnecessarily lost. When doing the work the

artist must often stand on scaffolding and work while on his back, straining his eyes to the ceiling. Moreover, in all true fresco, the color is applied while the plaster is still wet.

A wall decoration in place in the Library of Congress.

But there are great advantages to balance the dangers and difficulties. The spaces are usually large and the paintings must be carried out on a large scale. If the building is a library, a State house or a courthouse the mind of the artist has a wonderful opportunity to work out his ideas of what are the most beautiful and suitable subjects. Such a work would not be trusted to any but a trained artist who has education, culture and judgment.

As decorations are nearly always in public places frequented by thousands of people, he is able through his art to speak to them, perhaps to carry a lesson, recall a historical or mythological incident as well as to inspire and uplift them. It may be his fortune in a court to speak through the silent beauty of his art to a poor criminal who has been brought to the bar of justice from a world of poverty where no lofty thought has ever reached him, no message of mercy ever been heard. Or in a State house he may give the feeling of pride in former heroes and inspire courage and the determination to be a good citizen, or in a church he may appeal to the spiritual nature.

Some people do not like to speak of the "use of art," deeming beauty its sole aim. It is true enough that a lofty aim would not make a good picture out of a poor one. But great pictures do much in influencing our minds and feelings and in affecting our conduct.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL

By Michelangelo of the Florentine School

(Born 1474, died 1564)

Although painted many hundred years ago we have in the Sistine Chapel at Rome the greatest decoration of all time. The wonderful mind of Michelangelo planned it and his unwilling hand carried it out. At that time of his life he preferred to work in sculpture and when the Pope commanded him to decorate the Sistine Chapel he strongly objected, preferring that Raphael should do it.

Only a fragment of the great ceiling can be shown in

such a little book as this. The general scheme of the work can be seen from the plan (on page 184) while the fragment can be studied more in detail. One figure will give some idea of the treatment, which was uniform to a marked degree. If you study one of the figures you will be able to tell any other when you see it because they have a certain likeness to each other. They are the finest the world has ever seen, critics having by common consent selected the Adam as being the finest male figure in art.

It is natural that allegory should play a large part in decoration. This (though it seems rather a technical term) is not hard to understand in a simple way. An allegory in painting is a figure or representation which has a meaning beyond that directly shown by the object painted. If you read "Pilgrim's Progress" you find characters there who go about and do things such as might be related in any story, but you know by their names, such as Christian and Doubtful and so forth, that they stand for something else.

So in painting decorations certain figures stand for certain things and if they are well done their meaning will be plain. To aid this, certain things are put in to show us what is meant. Thus Justice is given a pair of scales, much in the same way that we saw various symbols being used in religious pictures.

In painting for a ceiling there are other difficulties to be overcome, such as the peculiarities of perspective and foreshortening.

Perspective is one of the first and most important requirements in drawing. We begin to learn about it in

The Sistine Chapel, Rome.

drawing a simple cube. It is the art of representing on a flat surface the third dimension of depth or thickness or distance.

Da Vinci says, " Perspective consists in giving, by established rules, the true dimensions of objects, according to their respective distances." That is, the size of an object must be according to the distance at which it is situated. There are a number of rules of perspective and it is too complicated to go into fully here. Da Vinci also says, " Perspective is to painting what the bridle is to a horse or the rudder to a ship."

If you look down a street you will notice the buildings at the farther end seem not so tall as those near by. Or it will be more noticeable if we look at a row of lamp-posts or trees of equal height. In such cases the eye is a fixed point and all objects appear to diminish in size as they recede towards a vanishing point opposite to and on a level with the eye, called the horizon. Foreshortening is one of the difficulties of a ceiling painter because the objects being above us are in an unusual position with reference to the eye. If you trace on glass well fastened between you and the object you wish to draw, everything just as it appears to you, keeping your head stationary at about two feet distant, you will have a drawing in true perspective and can paint it at your leisure.

Foreshortening is the art of representing in true perspective those parts of the body, or other objects which extend towards the eyes of the spectator.

Michelangelo's work in the Sistine Chapel, owing to the difficulty of looking up at it, can be better studied from fine photographs than from the ceiling itself.

Many schools and museums have the entire ceiling in reduced size mounted and covered with glass, as a table top or in a frame. In this way these grand creations may become familiar and the subjects studied thoroughly. Below we give the arrangement of the sections and there are few people who cannot procure the photographs or cheaper prints at low cost. They are well worth the trouble and time necessary to gather them.

ALTAR END

LAST JUDGMENT

Jonah

Lybian Sibyl	1. Separation of Light and Darkness.	Jeremiah
a	2. Creation of Sun and Moon.	a
Daniel	3. Creation of Vegetable Life.	Persian Sibyl
a	4. Creation of Adam.	a
Cumean Sibyl	5. Creation of Eve.	Ezekiel
a	6. The Fall.	a
Isaiah	7. Noah's Sacrifice.	Erythrean Sibyl
a	8. The Deluge.	a
Delphic Sibyl	9. Noah.	Joel

Zachariah.

a. GENEALOGY OF CHRIST.

Plan of Sistine Chapel, Ceiling and Ends.

As shown in the diagram the ceiling pictures of the Sistine Chapel, except the Sibyls, represent stories or characters from the Bible. Sibyls were women of ancient times supposed to foretell the future.

To Michelangelo nothing was so good in decoration as the human figure. Its lines made the most beautiful patterns he could imagine.

ANECDOTES OF MICHELANGELO.

Undoubtedly the greatest of all artists, his life would be pleasanter to think about if we could forget its unhappiness. No doubt this arose partly from his great genius. His mind was crowded with tremendous ideas — greater than even he could execute with his hand. "None will marvel," says Vasari, "that Michelangelo should be a lover of solitude, devoted as he was to art, which demands the whole man with all his thoughts . . .; the man who would produce works of merit should be free from cares and anxieties, seeing that Art demands earnest consideration, loneliness and quietude."

Michelangelo was born in 1475 at Caprese in Italy, on Sunday, the sixth of March, of noble and ancient family. He was named by his father who, inspired by some influence, thought he perceived something celestial and divine in him. This was a curious thing in itself as there were many in the family. To-day when we study about his life and work we are almost tempted to think the same. Taine says, "There are four men in the world of art and literature so exalted above all others as to seem to belong to another race: namely Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven and Michelangelo."

His parents opposed his desire to paint but his wishes were invincible. He was finally placed with Domenico Ghirlandajo, who was soon amazed at the work he could do. Once the young pupil corrected a drawing which his master had made. It was a wonderful thing to see the improvement upon his teacher's work. This drawing was preserved by a friend and, upon its being shown to Michelangelo when he was seventy-five years old, he said with the modesty of genius, that he knew more when he was a boy than at that time when he had become old.

It chanced that when his master was painting the great Chapel of Santa Maria Novella, he went out one day and during his absence Michelangelo set himself to make a drawing. When Domenico returned he said: "This boy knows more than I do." And this was true.

The boy at fourteen could produce without difficulty works which would rival those of mature artists. This will enable us to see that to paint well one must have the gift for it. Much time and many books have been written to tell us how to paint — what to do and what not to do. But if you notice the natural-born artist and the merely hard-working student side by side you will observe that the natural artist paints correctly without knowing the rules while the other, who may be a faithful student and have a fine brain, will make many mistakes which he must correct one after another and learn, if at all, by a difficult process and then never equal the other. One has the gift. Even he will find later that he has his limits. No one can create beyond his power. It may be that the diligent student without the heaven-born gift has as true a love for his work as the other and if he

Delphic Sibyl, from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Rome, by Michelangelo. See general view on page 181.

persists he can attain a certain proficiency, but it is given only to the few to excel.

In the case of the young Angelo his gifts were beyond all that had gone before or have come since. Not only as a painter but as a poet, a sculptor and an architect did he carry all before him. He not only had the perfect facility in working which we have described, but his brain fairly teemed with ideas. Often he would leave one great work before it was fully completed to take up some new labor. His impatience would not let him wait.

At the time he lived there was great lavishness and luxury among the nobles. One of these, Lorenzo de Medici, the most noted and most lavish of them all, heard of Michelangelo and sent for him to come to the palace. He was first given leave to copy any of the statues in the garden and, being given a block of marble, selected the head of an old faun which he soon had nearly completed.

When Lorenzo passed he was amazed to see what the boy had done. He had not slavishly copied but had greatly improved upon the original antique, restoring the nose and giving expression to the mouth according to his own fancy, opening it and showing all the teeth. "Thou shouldst have remembered that old folks never retain all their teeth," said Lorenzo.

Before Lorenzo had passed that way again the boy had knocked out one of the teeth. We do not know whether it was boyish respect and love for Lorenzo that prompted this happy action, or whether he showed another art than that of sculpture, the art of pleasing, but the result was

greatly to his advantage. For Lorenzo was delighted and often afterwards told the incident to his friends.

Michelangelo was taken into Lorenzo's household, lived and dined with the rich and great and was told to do as he pleased in his work. He was careful and diligent and did everything with great animation. He spent many months copying two great pictures and amazed his friends by the results. His education was not neglected. He heard the dialogues of Plato and the golden poetry of Greece discussed by those who represented the highest intellectual culture of the day.

As his fame in the household grew, envy grew with it. The boy who had accompanied him to the gardens of Lorenzo when first he came was so envious of him that, jeering at his work, he struck him a terrible blow in the face. Poor Angelo! his nose was broken and crushed in such a manner that it never recovered its shape. He was marked for life, and he never ceased to feel that with all his genius he was unlovable.

Michelangelo's active life was full of sorrows. From his youth he had cherished all noble things. He lived severely. Although rich, he cared not for luxury or display. His mind was too great and too earnest to care for such things. He knew they were not worth the time they took. No one needed to tell him of the beauties of simple things nor of the pleasure of giving. His statues and paintings he gave to his friends, and large sums of money to his relatives and faithful servants. In literature he loved only the best and knew much of it by heart.

Michelangelo lived to see all his rivals dead and to find himself at last not only rich and of acknowledged great-

ness, but also beloved. This makes us glad, for during his whole youth and manhood he was never quite happy in his own heart.

His many good deeds and his upright conduct make us willing to believe that he tried to overcome his morose disposition but until his later years he never seemed able to do so. He worried over his quarrels, over his broken nose and poor appearance and felt like keeping away from every one. His art was his only joy until his later years. Yet he ever loved little children and liked to have them about him even when grown people annoyed him.

MICHELANGELO!

A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow: one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art,
Till life and art are one: a man who holds
Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, his name
Is ever on their lips.

LONGFELLOW.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF MICHELANGELO'S PAINTINGS

The Frescos referred to above, particularly the Creation of Man and the Creation of the Sun and Moon, the Jeremiah, and the decorative figures.....Sistine Chapel, Rome.
Holy Family.....Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Portrait of Himself..... " " "

INTER ARTES ET NATURAM

By Puvis de Chavannes of the French School

(Born 1824, died 1898)

The background of this picture is said to be a real scene from nature in the front of which the artist imagined the nearer terrace and objects. The river is the Seine and the islands are just as they could be seen from this particular point with the beautiful city of Rouen in the hazy distance. Since the picture was painted the foreground which the artist made has been built upon the site.

The picture is an allegory as are so many large pictures intended for wall decorations and the title enables us to interpret it.

Underneath the tree at the right are three artists discussing the sketch which one of them is holding, and looking at the model who stands holding a child on her arm. A fourth artist sitting near by, his elbow on his knee and his portfolio beside him, seems to be absorbed in revery or perhaps thinking out a plan for a picture. At the left a girl is painting upon a plaque while another holds a tulip for her to study. This decoration was intended for the museum at Rouen and the manufacture of tulip pottery being an important industry there, the artist desired to represent it in his work. A young boy is bearing upon his head a tray filled with examples of this pottery.

Over the whole there is a translucent light, the distance veiled in a bluish haze. The colors of the figures and costumes are in dull grayish tones so characteristic

Inter Artes et Naturam, by Puvis de Chavannes. In the Museum, Rouen, France.

of this artist's work. So much in the quiet coloring of his work does its excellence lie, that it is not easy to illustrate it without the colors before us.

Many of those who read this description will sometime see the decorations by this great artist in the monumental staircase of the Boston Public Library. Many have seen them already and the pleasure of doing so will come back to them as they recall them to their minds.

In speaking of Michelangelo's frescos in the Sistine Chapel we referred to the necessity, in decorating a wall, of taking into account the place the picture was to occupy, the light it would get there and the relations of all to the architecture of the building itself. In this last particular Puvis de Chavannes showed his greatness for he discovered and proved in a new way many things that others had not thought of. Nowadays we accept his method as the correct one and it is only when we remember that for many, many years his work was the laughing stock of artists that we see how great was his courage in holding to what he believed in the face of ridicule.

He first felt that if a painting was to go upon a wall, all realism must be forgotten — nothing must be made to appear as though it were really there, nothing to stick out into the room, nor must the spectator appear to be looking through the wall to see distant prospects beyond. Above all it must remain a wall — a part of the structure of the building and everything else must be subordinate to that. Then the picture must not be cut into numerous marked spaces — it must all have one general tone.

He did not put his figures into large groups where extremes of light and shade would be needed to relieve them, but distributed them harmoniously about the picture, into empty spaces or in parallel planes. He was also careful to make his compositions restful, not full of violent action nor with figures in unstable equilibrium as though they were about to fall if some one did not rush up and support them, but quietly disposed and subjected to an even distribution of light.

In a public building where many people must see the same wall day after day, and many more be before it for many hours at a stretch, the wisdom, the reasonableness of such quietude is plain. Puvis de Chavannes first consistently carried out such principles and won approval and recognition after years of ridicule and defeat.

Such pictures as his, placed in splendid buildings worthy to receive them, give out something more than the mere story or allegory they can tell us; they are so peaceful and quiet that they seem to breathe out a sort of holy calm like nature herself inviting us to share in it and, for the time, to rejoice and be at rest.

One detail must be mentioned: that much of this serenity was reached by leaving out — generalizing it is called. It is said that in one of his earlier decorations all the figures were put in exactly as painted from the model. Result: they were too pronounced. Each seemed anxious to draw attention to itself. So he omitted details, subdued even the drawing of the forms, attitudes and gestures that would attract individual notice. In the same way he subdued all the bright colors of his pieces into grays and tender tones, so that color, drawing

The Sacred Wood, by Puvis de Chavannes. In the Palace of Fine Arts, Lyons, France.

Decoration representing the nine muses rising from the earth to greet genius, by Puvis de Chavannes, Boston Public Library.

and all might be in harmony and executed as a whole.

Of Chavannes' decorations in the Pantheon in Paris, Kenyon Cox says: "Go to the Pantheon and look at the mural pictures executed there by many of the foremost of French painters, and I think you will feel that just one of them looks like a true decoration, exactly fitted for the place it occupies and the architecture that surrounds it, and that that one is Puvis de Chavannes'. . . . Here his drawing with all its omissions, seems austere and noble; and his pale tints, which have been called the denial of color, look here like the only true color, absolute in harmony, a part of the building itself — the delicate efflorescence, as it were, of the gray walls."

ANECDOTES OF PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

Puvis de Chavannes was born at Lyons in 1824 of an old Burgundian family that traced its ancestry back for hundreds of years. He expected to follow his father's profession, that of a mining engineer, but a serious illness interrupted the plan and he was sent to Italy upon a trip of pleasure and recovery. The great pictures he saw there interested him in art to such an extent that he decided to be an artist and at the age of twenty he began to study.

As sometimes happens, a taste of the real somewhat overcame the ideal. He lost interest and was soon starting for Italy again, this time with a companion who was an enthusiastic artist. They traveled a year together and Puvis de Chavannes did a great deal of serious studying, enjoying greatly the works of Titian, Tintoretto and especially Paul Veronese.

Returning to Paris he again took up art in earnest, entering first the studio of Delacroix, then just about closing, and then that of Couture. The story of his leaving Couture's studio is told in this manner. "One overcast morning Puvis de Chavannes was doing his best to render the silvery harmonies of the model's flesh in the gray light, when Couture, on his round of criticism, stopped before the canvas, grumbled, frowned and taking his pupil's palette mixed a tone for the lights according to his own stereotyped formula — white, Naples yellow, vermilion, and cobalt — and with a few touches altered the entire color-scheme of the study. "What, Monsieur Couture, is that the way you really see the model?" cried Puvis de Chavannes, and after that day's session he never returned to the studio.

After leaving Couture he gave up the idea of studying under an artist as nearly every one of that day did, and set up, in 1852, in the well-known Place Pigalle in Paris, the studio in which he was destined to live and work for the next forty-five years, or until just before he died.

He organized a little group of his artist friends who for years taught each other by mutual criticism and long talks about their work at the close of each day. Success was very slow in coming to him — that is the success of recognition, but he was daily succeeding in reaching nearer and nearer to an adequate expression of his ideas.

Before he opened his studio he had had one picture accepted by the Salon, but then for nine years not one was hung. This was discouraging, indeed, in the flush of his early vigorous life. It was not until 1859, when

he was thirty-five that another picture was admitted. Then in 1861 two more were hung and upon these, in a curious way, depended his future recognition and success.

These two pictures were called " War " and " Peace."

Study by Puvis de Chavannes.

They were large decorations but were not intended for any particular place, being suggested by his desire to do something that should embody his ideas about decoration. Not only were these pictures accepted but one of them was purchased by the Government, he was awarded a medal, and for the first time his work was seriously discussed by the critics.

In 1863 he exhibited two similar companion pieces

called "Work" and "Rest," but they were not purchased. One day a gentleman entered the studio, saying, "I saw your pictures 'War' and 'Peace' at the Salon and was much impressed by them. If you have not sold them I think I can place them for you."

This was indeed good luck, for the gentleman was the architect of a new museum and the pictures were purchased. Now, if Puvis de Chavannes' pictures looked well at the Salon how much better did they look when placed as a decoration on the wall of a public building! They had been painted for that and every thought bent upon their future intended use. As pictures in a gallery they were not so successful but as decorations they made a great hit. From now on his work was appreciated and his success assured.

In person Puvis de Chavannes was tall and robust, his fine head set on broad shoulders. His private life was quiet and uneventful save for his work. Although sociable and fond of friends and pleasures in their places, he was very jealous of his working hours. He would not admit visitors nor allow any criticism of a work until it was finished, holding that the first condition of success in art was that the artist should be wholly himself.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF PUVIS DE CHAVANNES' PAINTINGS

The Legend of St. Geneviève	The Pantheon, Paris.
Inter Artes et Naturam	Rouen Museum.
Winter	Hotel de Ville, Paris.
The Poor Fisherman	Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.
Letters, Sciences and Arts	Sorbonne, Paris.
History and other Decorations	Public Library, Boston.

GENRE AND STILL-LIFE PAINTING

Genre is that kind of painting which portrays every-day life either indoor or outdoor. It is most commonly applied to the works of the great Dutch and Flemish painters of the seventeenth century which portrayed scenes from the real life of those times. The scenes were mostly of the homes of the common people in city and country and of the taverns and streets. Hence we hear of "The homely art of Holland," as distinguished

The Water-Mill, by Meindert Hobbema. Full of detail and typical of the early Dutch landscape painting.

from "The royal art of Spain." The great names in Dutch and Flemish art include Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Rubens and Van Dyck, but the artists who are chiefly known as genre painters were Jan Steen, Pieter de Hooch, Jan Vermeer of Delft, David Teniers (father and son), Nicholas Maes, Gerard Dou and a few others. Succeeding centuries have brought many genre and still-life painters, but none to excel these early men.

Pictures of fruits, flowers, game, furniture, bowls, dishes and the like are called still-life. When a student begins to learn to paint, a still-life is usually the first thing given him to do. It is less difficult to get a fairly good result from a simple still-life arrangement where the objects remain unmoved and the light fixed, than in other kinds of painting.

Yet some artists have become world-famous by their still-lifes alone, and examples of their work hang in the great museums of the world. Thus in the Louvre we find the canvases of Chardin, the greatest of all the purely still-life painters.

There is hardly an artist of any grade, high or low, who does not love occasionally to paint a still-life. It may be the rich bloom of a peach or a plum, the brilliancy of wine in glasses, or the wonderful effects of brass work, or again of satin or plush, or the hues of flowers that tempt him. Some of the best of all still-lifes are of old pots and kettles and of things in which only an artist would first see the beauty.

Some people, even those who are picture lovers, say: "Of what special interest can a copy of some pots or vegetables be?" But true artists often see great beauty

in them and by producing a beautiful painting make us understand something we had not understood before.

So far as the technical part of painting goes, a still-life may have splendid qualities. It may, for instance, have rich colors, beautiful symmetry and grouping and wonderful texture.

Texture, in fact, is a quality that usually is preëminent in good still-lifes. That is, the surface of objects is in such perfect imitation of the original that to look at it, gives us the feeling almost of touch, or the feeling of hardness or softness. Ruskin gives three kinds of textures: the lustrous, as water or glass; the velvety, as the peach; and linear, as fur. Much of the beauty of flowers is in their delicate satiny or velvety texture. People who take delight in flowers or pottery or brass-ware or any still object that is beautiful in itself will take delight in a fine rendering of such objects in pictures.

THE ALCHEMIST

By David Teniers, the Younger, of the Flemish School

(Born 1610, died 1690)

A country famous for its linens, silks and velvets would naturally have artists who were interested in showing the beauties of such things and a nation whose men manufactured many textiles and other articles with their hands would be interested in seeing such pictures.

The old Dutch and Flemish artists were the first great masters in still-life. Many of the early genre paintings

The Alchemist, by David Teniers, the Younger, Dresden Gallery.

were largely still-life. These representations of the every-day life, mostly of kitchens or taverns or other interiors became very popular, and the famous artists did their best work in them. To-day we can do nothing of the kind better or more true.

"The Alchemist" is a painting well calculated to show how these artists handled a subject and to illustrate how even their genre paintings, or pictures of every-day life, were largely like still-lifes. Even their landscapes partake of this quality and have been called portraits of landscapes.

They painted what they saw, as nearly as they could, exactly as they saw it, very much as they would try to paint a single piece of still-life. Notice in the picture the array of all kinds of utensils each one painted with the most painstaking fidelity.

That the central figure of the picture is an alchemist, is enough to make it interesting, for there is nothing in the world more strange than the lives of those men who vainly sought for the secret which would transform other metals into gold.

Nowadays we should think it crazy enough, but then, when chemistry was in its infancy, most men believed that the secret of how to make gold would some day be discovered. Even men of great wealth and learning spent their lives and their fortunes working over all kinds of metals and chemicals always believing, no matter what the disappointments, that some time they would find the great reward.

Notice how each detail of the room is wrought out and what a multitude of objects are scattered all about.

If you would like to learn more about the art of painting than you can possibly learn from merely looking at pictures or reading in books, there is no better way than to take some simple object like one or two of the jugs or vessels in this picture, and try to paint them for yourself.

For most of the principles of painting come into play in a simple still-life, the same as in a complicated scene — breadth, symmetry, balance, technique, chiaroscuro, perspective and so forth, must all be there.

To see is the prime necessity. No one can hope to do

An excellent example of still-life painting by the American artist, Emil Carlsen, Metropolitan Museum, New York.

better than he knows, to execute better than he sees. By labor and practice we may learn to see enough to make

Afternoon, by Teniers.

a creditable drawing or painting, but some one will always see more, and more truly, and do better. This should not be discouraging but should stimulate to

greater work. All should learn how lines, straight and curved, and lights and shades form pictures, and may be made to express symmetry and beauty. All should acquire, by use of pencil and brush, power of observation and exactness in copying, and should learn through their own work what the elements of beauty are. Sir Joshua Reynolds has left us a saying for young painters: "Nothing is denied to well-directed labor, nothing is to be attained without it."

ANECDOTES OF TENIERS.

David Teniers the younger was born at Antwerp in 1610. His father, David Teniers the elder, was an artist of reputation, and was his teacher.

The facts about his early life are not very well known, but whether or not he was at one time a pupil of Rubens, the two were friends.

It is said that at first he was unsuccessful and had a hard time disposing of his work. But this did not last as long with him as with many artists, for we know of his prosperity within a few years.

In 1644 he was dean of the Guild of St. Luke, a high honor, and was appointed painter to the governor, Archduke Leopold William, who loaded him with gifts and commissions and made him director of the picture gallery at Brussels.

Here Teniers made copies of over two hundred of the paintings in the gallery. He was a very rapid worker, and the number of his pictures is very great. The gallery at Madrid has more than fifty, St. Petersburg forty, the Louvre thirty-six. Most of his canvases are

of quite small size, as are the majority of all the works of his age and school.

Teniers once declared that it would require a gallery two leagues in length to contain all his pictures. Many of his canvases were begun and finished at a single sitting. He had great facility in imitating the manner of other artists, and although his subjects were nearly always from the varying scenes of peasant life, he occasionally drew his subjects from the realms of fancy.

Teniers, when he had become prosperous, lived in grand style at his château of "Three Towers" at Perck, entertaining noblemen and celebrated personages, who visited him. He gave lessons to Don Juan, the new Spanish governor, and found favor with Queen Christina of Sweden, who sent him a gold chain and her portrait.

He was twice married, and was the father of a happy family of children.

Mr. John C. Van Dyke says of Teniers the younger: "He was an improvement upon his father, and, counting out Brouwer, who was more Dutch than Flemish, he was head and shoulders over all the other genre painters in Flanders. His pigments look fresh as though laid but yesterday. . . . He left some seven hundred pictures but no school. He was the last of the masterful painters of Flanders."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF TENIER'S PAINTINGS

The Village Inn.....Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.
The Farm.....Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.
The Alchemist.....Dresden Gallery.
The Village Doctor.....Brussels Museum.
A Village Fair.....Dresden Gallery.

THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT

By William Hogarth of the English School

(Born 1697, died 1764)

For the most part the genre paintings of the early Flemish and Dutch schools did not tell a story but simply gave us the picture of a certain scene from real life as it appeared to the outward eye.

In this picture of Hogarth's we see a genre painting of quite a different character.

Charles Lamb once said, "You look at other pictures, but *read* Hogarth's." Some one else said: "There are two books, Shakespeare and Hogarth." Hogarth himself has said as to the pictures he painted: "I wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage. My picture is the stage and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a dumb show. I therefore turned my thoughts to painting moral subjects, a field not taken up in any country or age." Other painters had admitted moral motives into their pictures and there is scarcely any great painter who has not put his spiritual aspirations upon canvas. This plan of Hogarth's differed from such single pictures as were intended to appeal to the higher nature in being an attempt to paint several series of pictures, all aimed at showing in a pictorial way the follies or the evils of the time. They were to be a series of great sermons and so they were. Many critics think that morals and art should be kept apart and very likely if a poorer artist than Hogarth had tried to paint such scenes no

one would have looked at them. But Hogarth was a great artist. He was a fine colorist, painted his figures with cleverness and subtlety and his pictures answered all the requirements of the critics.

The "Marriage Contract" is the most celebrated of his works although it is one of six in a series which now hangs in the National Gallery in London, its aim being to show the evils of a marriage for money. The story is of a nobleman who becomes impoverished and needs to replenish his purse. To accomplish it he "condescends" to the marriage of his son to the daughter of a rich London alderman.

In the first painting, the one given us here, let us see how much we can find that Hogarth wished to tell us. The scene, as the artist has shown by various details, is in the house of the earl, who, with his bandaged foot seems to be suffering from gout. He is holding in the chair by his side, and pointing to it with his left hand, what appears to be a large family tree or pedigree. Judging by his proud gesture he is telling the rich alderman from what a fine line of great noblemen he is descended. The alderman, who has no pretensions to high birth, does not look impressed by what the earl is saying but as though he had made up his mind to pay the price. We can read the title to the paper he holds in his hand. It says, "Marriage Settle'mt of the Rt. Hon'ble. Lord Viscount Squanderfield." At the back of the table between these two stands another man probably the lawyer or clerk of the alderman who holds out a "Mortgage" to the Earl; gold and money lie about the table, where are also inkstand, candle, etc. At the

The Marriage Contract, by Hogarth. National Gallery, London.

left of the figure are the earl's son and the alderman's daughter. Their backs to each other show that they are not interested in each other. The earl's son, a poor-looking specimen, is helping himself to a pinch of snuff and turns away with a look of silly foppery. His coat is light blue, his vest is loaded with embroidery, he wears an enormous diamond and has red heels upon his shoes.

The lady is fresh and pretty and is leaning forward to hear what the brisk, well-built lawyer who is speaking to her has to say. It is probably a compliment for he is called Counselor Silver-tongue, and it is he who afterwards kills her husband. The trouble is already brewing before the ceremony is performed. Do not fail to note the two dogs in the foreground — a sort of parody upon the couple to be married.

Everything about the room is intended to satirize the taste of the time. The pictures on the wall and the scene out of the window.

This series was neither the first nor the last that Hogarth did. It came about ten years after the first and was perhaps the best.

Everything he put into his pictures had some definite meaning — some intention. His figures are all typical of something. He was a realist in everything. "So much the worse for the countenance of any one," writes Sala, "if Hogarth finds it degraded by vice, convulsed by passion or disfigured by ugliness or deformity. He spares neither wrinkle nor crow's-foot, furrow nor swelling, pimple nor bruise."

ANECDOTES OF HOGARTH.

William Hogarth was born in London in 1697. His father was a schoolmaster and newspaper man. It is said that the difficulty which men of classical education found in getting a decent living, as was his father's case, led to William's being taken from school at an early date and apprenticed to a silversmith. Not for long was he satisfied with the occupation for he felt he was capable of better things and was ambitious. His period of study was very little guided. He learned for himself and it was his own idea to reproduce a scene from memory without having it before him. He says: "I endeavored to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects are composed, I could by degrees combine them and put them down with my pencil." As soon as he could be master of his own time he gave no more thought to his trade, but became an engraver upon copper.

Hogarth could hardly make his living until after he was thirty. He often went about the city with scarcely a shilling in his pocket but if, by chance, he received twenty guineas for a copper-plate he would feel all his hopes revive and his confidence renewed. Mrs. Oliphant says of him: "He was an honest fellow, overcareful neither of his money, his time nor his words; not self-denying. Yet conscientious after his fashion; determined to have his own way even in art; very confident of his own powers; dauntless in his un-

dertakings; undiscouraged by failure — a jovial, careless, stubborn yet righteous soul."

When he was thirty he married the daughter of Sir James Thornton, whose art academy he had been occasionally attending. He was not very well able to set up an establishment, as we have seen, but in a few years he produced the first of his series of moral paintings and they met with such instant success that he began to make money. Before he was forty he was rich enough to have his carriage and was everywhere received with the respect and honor due to a man of high attainments. Little seems to be known about his private life. "He loved state in dress," says one, "good order in his household and the success of his work enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests."

As to the excellence of his painting it was not so easy for him to obtain recognition, for the very popularity which he won by his innovations made the critics reluctant to appreciate his great merit at its true value. If some one were to do the same sort of thing to-day it would interfere with artistic recognition because many would say it was done to "catch the populace." In Hogarth's case it did "catch the populace" and he could perhaps afford to wait a while for the artistic endorsement. And it came, and came to remain — came *in spite* of the kind of subjects he took and in spite of the fact that his pictures had a moral motive.

Like several other great artists and most good men he was very fond of children.

The following epitaph was written by Garrick:

Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured Morals charm the Mind,
And through the Eye correct the Heart.

If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF HOGARTH'S PAINTINGS

The Marriage Contract.....National Gallery, London.
Marriage à la Mode..... " " "
The March to Finchley.....Foundling Hospital, London.
Garrick and his Wife.....Royal Gallery, Windsor.
The Shrimp-Girl.....National Gallery, London.

THE ANGELUS

By Jean François Millet of the French School

(Born 1814, died 1875)

A small piece of linen cloth stretched over a cheap wooden frame and with a few cents worth of color placed upon it—how can it be worth $150,000? Yet that is the price "The Angelus" brought.

It was painted in 1859 when the artist was forty-five. The man for whom it was intended refused to receive it, but later it was sold for 2000 francs and passed from one buyer to another until, thirty years later, it was bid in by the French Government for 553,000 francs.

The Government refused to ratify the purchase and it was then brought to America and exhibited widely throughout the country.

Finally it was returned to France and purchased for the great price first named, the intention of the purchaser being to present it to the nation for the famous gallery of the Louvre, at Paris.

Why were collectors so anxious to possess this bit of canvas? Let us look at the picture. Two peasants are standing in a field of potatoes, their heads bowed in an attitude of prayer.

We know by the title of the picture, if in no other way, that the Angelus bell in the distance has just rung and that these two people have stopped their work, according to the custom of their country, to repeat a little prayer of thanksgiving. The man is holding his hat rim in a peculiar way, as he would not do on an ordinary occasion. And the woman with her back bent with toil in the fields, how earnestly her hands are folded together and how quiet is the whole scene!

Little as we can see of the details of her face, there is enough in the soft contour of the chin and the neck to show that she is young and handsome — young and yet stoop-backed from hard labor. That tells us something of the lives of these simple, honest, devout folk.

The hour is sundown and if we could see the colors of the picture we should feel the peaceful evening air. A grayish sky is tinged with red and the rays of the departing sun are felt to be over all.

It is said that Millet once remarked that he wished to paint the picture so that the spectator might "hear the tones of the Angelus bell."

But he did even more than that. The Angelus bell means nothing directly to people in America and yet

The Angelus, by Millet.

something in the picture made it as famous here as in France.

There must be something in it that appeals to all and Millet must have been a great man to have put something into this commonplace subject that would find a response in every heart. In some way he has glorified an every-day thing.

Nearly all his pictures are of these unassuming people going about their homely tasks. When he painted "The Sower," another great picture, he made an image that lives in the mind of the beholder as the type of all sowers of seed. When we know that picture, we never think of a sower but we see that one particular man.

When you look at these peasants in "The Angelus" they seem to represent the whole race of toilers. All that we have ever read about the dignity of labor, all that we have heard about the meaning of prayer and thanksgiving, all that the poets have sung of the beauty of common things, here it is before us, and all the pride of fine clothes is put to shame. The most common things, manual labor in the fields and the poor untaught peasants are exalted into something fine.

In order to do it he had to feel it very strongly himself and then he had to be a master of his art to paint in such a way as to awaken the same feelings in others. This is one of the tests of truly great art.

Millet did it through his own life of toil and trouble, through his sincerity and his real love for such people and their lives, and the whole world has been the gainer.

It is not because there is a lesson in the picture, nor because it tells a story that it is great, but because, looking at it, we are made to feel as the artist felt, are made to enter into the lives of these people and feel something of what they felt and were. It awakens something in us and influences us.

We need not wholly pity these bowed and broken people. There is something noble about them. We might pity a wrongdoer but about these peasant people of Millet's there is something of patience, something of a sense of duty bravely done, which even the rich buyer of the picture might envy and surely could not buy with money.

It was not Millet's idea, either, to hold up their hardships to pity or redress. He thought them, on the whole, the happiest of people, since they were doing God's work and living out of doors in the midst of beautiful scenery.

Among paintings Millet loved best those of Michelangelo and Correggio. The works of those masters in the Louvre were his teachers, for he studied them well.

In some of his sketches we see the power and breadth of his work. A few lines served to give the whole meaning of a scene. They seem to have more strength than many of the drawings of the old masters. Such drawings are well worth study and imitation.

Trace over the Millets in this chapter on a sheet of thin paper and you will learn something of proportion, something about what are the necessary and essential lines of a drawing.

While it is true that no one was ever great by imita-

The Cruel Man.
From a drawing by Millet.

tion, there is so much to be gained at first by tracing over drawings and photographs of the masters, that it is recommended by the best authorities. But do it carefully, observing the proportions carefully.

After you have traced the pictures that you especially like in this book, get as many other prints and photographs of great pictures as you can find. Nowadays there are so many good pictures for little money that it is easy to make a collection. And to *own* a collection, however limited, is more to each of us than the galleries of the great.

ANECDOTES OF MILLET.

Millet was a poor French peasant and the son of a poor French peasant. As the eldest of a family of eight he labored hard even as a boy. But the drawings which he constantly made excited the interest of his teachers and he was sent away to study.

Later on at the age of twenty-three, with the help of his family and others, he found his way to Paris. For more than ten years he lived there hardly able to exist on his earnings. Often he and his wife were reduced to the bitterest straits. Finally he and another artist agreed to spend the summer at Barbizon, a village on

the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau near Paris. Early in June one year they went there and Millet rented the cottage which was ever after to be his home. His studio for the first two years was the cellar of an old barn, hardly fit for an animal.

The forest and the country were a wonderful solace to him after his pent-up years in the city, and near there was a stretch of level country where simple peasants might be seen working the year round. Shepherds slept all night in the fields, the gleaners followed the reapers, and Millet felt at home. He himself resumed the wooden shoes of his youth and became once more what he always was at heart, a peasant. In these fields he saw the pictures he longed to paint and most of his paintings are those of the working people among whom he lived.

The little cottage still stands where he lived. At the end of the garden was his studio. Here he worked, but in the afternoons he loved to wander among the gnarled oaks of the forest, often with children who were his favorite companions. Many sketches that he did for their amusement are still extant, and some of his happiest hours were those spent in their company. Dressed as he usually was in an old red sailor jacket and torn straw hat he was like a boy himself. He was ever courageous,

The Horse's Revenge.
From a drawing by Millet.

even cheerful and jovial, and has been likened as an artist to Burns as a poet.

Many have been the comparisons made between Millet and Breton, another noted painter of the time. The work of both was scenes of peasant life, but while Breton painted his subjects as erect and pleasing, almost elegant,

Blowing out the candle.
From a drawing by Millet.

in fact, Millet painted them bent and clumsy. Each painted as he saw but Millet saw deeper and so painted truer and "truth is beauty." Both men did beautiful work but Millet's had the true poetry and the great qualities that last.

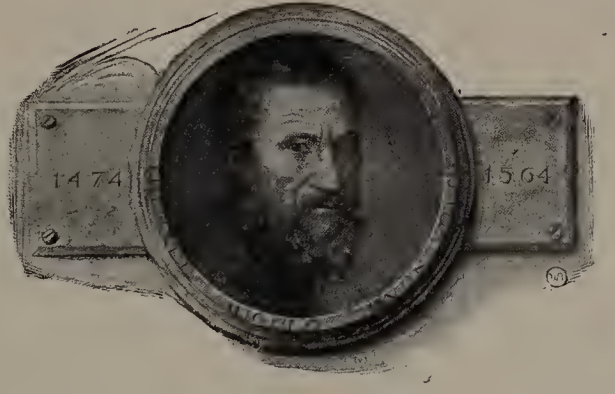
Breton was much more successful in selling his pictures, and meeting Millet one day he said ingratiatingly, "Oh, I paint pictures very much like yours." "Not at all," said Millet, "I paint like my pictures and you paint like yours."

Another saying of Millet's is, "Which is the handsomer, a straight tree or a crooked tree? The one that

is in its place. I therefore conclude that the beautiful is the suitable."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF MILLET'S PAINTINGS

The Sower.....Geo. Vanderbilt. Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.
The Angelus.....———, Paris.
The Man with the Hoe.....Private Ownership.
The Shepherdess.....Private Ownership.
Feeding her Birds.....Lille Museum, France.
The Gleaners.....Louvre, Paris.



Michelangelo.

MODERN ART

Most people, even those who have long been interested in painting, are puzzled about what is called Modernist Art.

Hundreds of thousands of paintings have been produced under its banner by schools of different names such as Cubists, Post-Impressionists, Vorticists, Futurists, Synchronists, Expressionists and so on. Reproductions are everywhere in our magazines, books and newspapers. Examples of the new art have a different look, attract instant attention and the student asks "What about this Modernist painting?" It is a fair question.

Part of the answer is that the Modernists have not in any way changed the principles of art. Nothing stated in the preceding pages is challenged. The Old Masters remain the masters to-day. The Modernists themselves still study them and revere them. If a painting made to-day is great, it is so for precisely the same reasons that any painting of the past is great.

Why, then, does the new art look strange to us? Perhaps we shall understand this better if we consider the growth of the Modernist School and how it follows the development of all art rebellions of the past. We saw on page 85 that when Constable began to influence painting, landscapes were mostly arrangements of certain forms of earth, sky and clouds in much the same sets of colors. In other words, the artists were painting by a formula and their works looked very much alike. Constable rebelled at

this, went out-of-doors and studied nature, worked out his own set of colors, achieved something new and better, and advanced the whole art of his time and of the times to come. Yet his works were severely criticized by his contemporaries. To the men of that day they looked strange.

All the great painters first painted like their masters, only later to discover something individual in themselves which must be expressed in their work. The great are always called rebels at the start, because they discard accepted standards. They are so made that they must work out their own ideas. From such men come the great schools and movements. So came the Barbizon school and so, a little

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Landscape, by Cézanne

later, came such rebels as Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin who blazed the way for the Modernists.

But we see to-day, among Modernist paintings, not only the serious work of leaders like Cézanne but meaningless canvases that puzzle by their strangeness, but are without value as examples of the new art. It is so with every new and vital movement. When it begins to succeed charletans spring up and imitators who do not really understand.

There are groups of art students all over the world who are trying to learn to paint. At first they do about as they are told by their instructors. Only after years is any one of them likely to be enough of an investigator to work in his own way. Those who become professionals go on painting, for the most part, about the way they are taught. In Paris to-day thousands of canvases are being turned out in the Modernistic manner. The Futurists in Italy, the Expressionists in Germany, the schools in England, Spain, America and other countries are all busy. It is no wonder that people are confused by the art phenomena of our day.

When we go to a show of modern art we may be tempted to say, as a prominent artist did on seeing such a collection for the first time, "My eight-year-old boy could paint better than that!" Well, that artist had definite ideas about paintings and what he saw pained and shocked him, although the collection contained some works by Cézanne which were the result of years of study.

To-day paintings by Cézanne hang in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, surrounded by Rembrandts and other Old Masters—and they stand the test. That is a severe test indeed and not a bad way to judge some of the qualities of a work of art.

Robert Henri, one of our noted American artists, once wrote: "All kinds of critics are prone to bring with them their preconceived ideas. Many of them are outraged if they do not find what they expect. Such people want peace. They want no new sensations, and they want nothing that is hard to get."

But the perplexed student is saying, "You have explained, perhaps, why all this is here, but I want to know what I am to look for and how to appreciate this new art." Another fair question and not an easy one to answer in a few paragraphs. First we will try to indicate an attitude of approach.

Whenever we have a chance to see a collection of Modern paintings, let us get acquainted with them. We do not expect to become experts, but we do not want to admire what is poor or untrue. If we go with open and inquiring minds, we may unexpectedly find canvases to which we can respond, that will show us something worth seeing, something that perhaps we have seen many times before without observing it truly. This way of seeking should in time teach us to judge and to discriminate. Pictures are largely personal expression, and understanding them must be a personal response. While searching for that response there are certain things that we may keep in mind about the Modernists and what they are trying to do, although this is complicated by the fact that they are not all trying to do the same thing, nor in the same manner.

The early leaders of the movement were Impressionists but broke away. Cézanne is generally given the credit for being the real founder of the movement. With him were Van Gogh and Gauguin and they were at first known as

Courtesy of Robert Treat Paine, 2nd, Boston
Reproduction through courtesy of Museum of Modern Art, New York

Postman (Le Facteur Roulin) by Vincent van Gogh

Neo-Impressionists, but later as Post-Impressionists. They are the great men of the movement and from them the Modernists of to-day derive. These three fought out their own salvation in suffering and poverty and worked under great discouragement, experimenting with color and light

and methods, refusing all compromise and standing to the end by their beliefs and convictions. They are now accepted—they are no longer classed as rebels. That they have made a real contribution to the art of painting, even their former critics now admit.

Cézanne, who died in 1906, felt that the mere imitation of appearances was not so important as structure and form. He found the relation of color to form and gradually impressed even his contemporaries. Gauguin, getting most of his best subjects from the South Sea Islands, introduced us to a world of romance and gave us canvases that glowed with soft color like old Persian rugs seen in lamplight. "Do not be a slave to nature, nor to the past," he said. Van Gogh worked with pure colors in dabs, as the Impressionists had done, but he had a method of his own.

Recognized leaders of the later manifestations of the movement are the Spaniard, Picasso, who instigated Cubism; Matisse, one of the most important, who found inspiration in African sculpture and in Persian art; also Braque, Derain, Dufy, Utrillo and Vlaminck.

Most of these men, and most Modernists, have passed through various stages of Cubism. Cubism, doing away with color almost entirely, taught the arrangement of abstract geometrical forms. It did away, too, with recognizable objects in nature. Picasso painted his emotional reactions to his models, not the models themselves. Cubism drew attention to the fact that there are, after all, three dimensions. Jay Hambridge has pointed out that the principles of Cubism were used by the Egyptians and were understood by Dürer, who sometimes divided his figures into cubes and rectangles.

Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of Modernism is its teaching that pictorial presentation of objects is not necessary to art, while admitting that the greatest art sometimes uses it. The artist must create, they say, not merely imitate. If the artist who paints in the Modernist manner is moved by something he sees, he does not try to reproduce it in its details, but to translate his emotion into significant form, so that it will convey the same emotion to the beholder. By emotion is meant esthetic emotion. A great work of art, says Modernism, need not contain any recognizable object whatever. It may be pure abstraction.

Modernism also strives for simplification. It therefore eliminates detail, retaining only what is essential to the design. By design is meant the organization of forms into a significant whole; and the test of a design is whether it moves us as it was intended to do. Thus many modern paintings are as simplified as the work of a child. In fact, Cézanne once said that his aim was to recapture the fresh vision of childhood.

The Modernists also wish to keep out of painting anything that tells a story, or awakens sentimental memories.

All these restrictions seem to pile up barriers between the first fine emotion of the artist and the understanding of the person who wishes sincerely to interpret his canvas. Yet artists say that children unversed in the conventions and formulas of the older art, respond more quickly and understand more truly than the grown-ups.

In a movement embodying so much individualism and self-expression there is bound to be variety and divergence of method and of emphasis. It is plain that the Modernists have freed themselves from the formulas of their time

Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago

Tahiti Woman and Children, by Gauguin

and it is only fair to give them credit for working honestly, although we are still too near Modernism to say just how vital it is, or what part of it will be acclaimed by future centuries.

Modern art takes what it wants wherever it finds it. Often it finds inspiration in the Old Masters. The influence of El Greco, who lived in Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is evident in some of the best Modern work.

Many of the lesser painters seem to have gone wild. Strange canvases with reversed perspectives, inverted values, outraged colors, distorted forms of ugliness come forth in thousands, apparently from some hysterical realm of consciousness without rhyme or reason. Some of the painters say they do not care what their pictures look like. They are only interested in explaining a metaphysical theory or in working up a mathematical problem into a design.

It seems a pity that so much that is worthless must be produced and shown. But it is probably a part of the process of growth. Thousands of doctors work in their laboratories for years, and then—a Pasteur. Thousands of painters experiment and then—a Velasquez.

Inasmuch as this chapter is a glance at the field of painting since the Impressionists, let us not forget, as part of modern progress, that there are important men who cannot be classed as Modernists (though perhaps influenced by the Modern school) who have thought out for themselves an individual art far in advance of the stereotyped painting of the time. They might be called conservative radicals.

In America have been such good pioneers as George Bellows, Robert Henri and Arthur B. Davies, who have passed; and many more who are now carrying bravely on.

APPENDIX, GLOSSARY, ETC.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING

A school in painting consists of the disciples or followers of some great painter who advances beyond his fellows and whose methods and influence they follow. The word is also applied to the methods and doctrines of a group of painters, as the Pre-Raphaelite school or the Barbizon school. In early times schools were named for the cities where they first flourished, as the Florentine school and the Venetian school. Below will be found a brief outline of the chief schools.

ITALIAN SCHOOLS

The Primitives. The men who first began to improve upon the traditions of crude early painting. Choosing religious subjects, they gave to painting more appearance of life and truth. Their work showed great piety and devotion and spiritual elevation. Cimabue (1240–1302) and Giotto (1266–1337) and Fra Angelico (1387–1455) were among the greatest representatives. There were primitives also in the early art development of other countries.

Florentine School. This was one of the great schools of the renaissance in Italy. The painters reached great perfection in drawing composition and expression. Botticelli (1446–1510), Andrea del Sarto (1486–1531), Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519), Michelangelo (1474–1564) and Raphael (1483–1520) were the great masters.

Venetian School. The chief characteristic was perfection in color and effects of light and shade. Beauty of color and harmony, with less attention to the lines of drawing prevailed. The great men were Giorgione (1477–1511), Titian (1477–1576), Tintoretto (1518–1592) and Paolo Veronese (1528–1588).

Other Schools. There were many schools, usually named for the cities where they flourished, as the Parmese, Sienese, etc., and after the really great schools had declined came the so-called Mannerists and Eclectics, represented by the lesser lights such as Guido Reni (1575–1642) and Carlo-Dolci (1616–1686). These men were copyists as compared with the greater masters.

GERMAN SCHOOL

This school began in the middle ages but the first great painter was Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528), both engraver and painter. Next came the celebrated Holbeins, Hans the Elder (1459–1524) and Hans the Younger (1495–1543). These are the great names after which came a decline. Though Dürer was original and excelled in truth of line, the German school was less original than the Italian.

SPANISH SCHOOL

The first worthy works came in the Fifteenth Century chiefly under the influence of Flemish art and later of Italian. Not until Velasquez (1599–1660) did they take on a distinctly national character. He gained in breadth, simplicity, subtle harmony and great strength over all predecessors. There are many minor schools. Murillo (1618–1682) founded the Andalusian school and later came Goya (1746–1828) and Fortuny (1838–1874).

DUTCH SCHOOL

This school, led by Rembrandt (1607–1669) and Franz Hals (1584–1666), excelled in the rendering of light and shade. Genre and still-life painting came to be its recognized means of expression under De Hoogh (1632–1681), Gerard Dou (1613–1675), Jan Steen (1626–1679). Even the landscape men, Van Ruisdael (1600–1670) and Hobbema (1638–1709) represented their subjects very much as still-lifes. It was a realistic school.

THE FLEMISH SCHOOL

The beginners of this school, Hubert van Eyck and his younger brother Jan van Eyck (Fifteenth Century), were the inventors of oil-painting itself; or at least they perfected it so that it became useable. Their work was like most early work, delicate and minute. Memling (1425–1495) was one of the greatest of this school. In the Seventeenth Century came Rubens (1577–1640) and Van Dyck (1599–1641). Teniers the Younger (1610–1690) soon followed them. He painted peasant life and scenes, though not exclusively, and was very realistic, like the Dutch genre painters with whom he was contemporary.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOLS

Not until the Eighteenth Century did England have a native school of art. The great men were Hogarth (1697–1764), Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792), Gainsborough (1727–1788), and Constable (1776–1837), who with Turner (1775–1851) did so much to advance landscape art, and Landseer (1802–1873). Later came the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, who endeavored to paint with the exactness of the Primitives. Chief among them were Rossetti (1828–1882), Holman Hunt, Sir John Millais and Burne-Jones.

FRENCH SCHOOLS

The Seventeenth Century ushered in a notable period in French art with Nicholas Poussin (1593–1665) and Claude Lorrain (1600–1682). In the next century, Watteau (1684–1721) painted his shepherds in satins and fanciful scenes and Greuze (1725–1805) his romantic girls' heads. Chardin (1699–1779), with his still-lifes and genre subjects, belongs to this period.

In 1748 David was born, who was to revive the classic style and found the French classic school by his large canvases now in the Luxembourg gallery in Paris. His pupil, Ingres (1780–1867), carried on the classic tradition.

The Romantic School came with Delacroix (1799–1863), who was the leader of Romanticism. This school added color to the formal classic method of exact drawing. It strove to idealize and to awake emotion instead of merely conforming to standards of correctness. Dalaroche (1797–1856) was a follower.

The Barbizon School. Corot (1796–1875), Rousseau (1812–1867), and Daubigny (1817–1878) portrayed nature in a new way, giving the sentiment of color and light. Millet (1814–1875) and Jules Breton were the peasant-painters of this school. Troyon (1810–1865) and Rosa Bonheur were great animal painters, and following them came Bouguereau, Meissonier, Gérôme and Puvis de Chavannes.

The Impressionists. Manet (1833–1883) was a leader in the original movement that led to the school known as Impressionist, which has greatly influenced modern painting. Claude Monet carried forward impressionistic discoveries into landscapes. One of their methods is that of placing pure colors side by side instead of mixing them. This is not so new, as it is mentioned by da Vinci, but the school has taught us much as to the influence of colors upon each other.

The Neo-Impressionists, the Post-Impressionists and the Modernists. See pages 224 et seq.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Until the Revolution, Americans in their new country were not able to give much time to art. The forests had to be subdued and bread and butter earned. But Copley (1737–1815) and Benj. West (1738–1820) did good portrait work, while Gilbert Stuart (1755–1828) was better than either and more American. Later on a landscape school arose. Alexander Wyant (1836–1892) and George Inness (1825–1894) are the best known representatives. Whistler was more English than American. The present generation is doing wonderful work in portraiture, landscape and decoration and the interest in art is rapidly spreading. Museums and galleries are being built in many large cities.

GLOSSARY OF TECHNICAL TERMS

Abstraction: Concerned with general concepts or ideas rather than with realities. See page 228.

Accessories: Any objects not belonging to the main subject of the picture. See pages 16 and 160.

Accident: A special condition or aspect of an object or objects as distinguished from a general condition.

Aerial Perspective: The art of giving due diminution to the strength of light, shade, and color of objects according to their distances and the mediums through which they are seen.

Allegory: See pages 180 and 190.

Arrangement: See pages 7, 66 and 150.

Atmosphere: See pages 74, 76, 79, 80 and 94.

Breadth: Effect resulting from subordination of details by grouping in masses and thus producing simplicity.

Character: See pages 4, 15, 16, 17 and 25.

Chiaroscuro: The art of distributing the lights and shades of a picture. See page 172.

Classic: Conforming to the best art of Greece and Rome. See page 78.

Composition: The arrangement of the elements of a picture—also the invention, or original thought of a picture. See pages 7, 37, 66 and 149.

Cubists: Followers of Cubism, a recent movement in art. See pages 224, 228.

Design: The pattern or device of an artistic work. The arrangement or combination of details in a picture. See pages 229, 230.

Expressionists: A group of Modernist painters who hold that

art should represent the artist's subjective emotional reaction rather than imitation of external objects. See pages 224, 225.

Foreshortening: The apparent shortening of the length of an object in proportion as it is extended towards the eye of the beholder. See pages 166 and 182.

Fresco: See pages 169, 177 to 199.

Futurists: Followers of Futurism which advocates painting freed from slavery to objective reality. A modern Italian School. See pages 224, 225.

Generalization: The process of selecting and painting the essentials of a subject only. See pages 78, 97 and 193.

Genre: See pages 200 to 223.

Glazing: Putting transparent color over colors to increase or decrease their brilliancy without changing the effect of light and shade.

Harmony: The effect of the proper arrangements of forms, lights, and colors in a picture. See pages 20, 36 and 104.

Hatching or Cross Hatching: Making lines that cross each other at intervals.

Idealism: See pages 15, 27, 36, 77 and 158.

Impressionism: See page 102 and Appendix on Schools of Painting.

Lay Figure: A jointed wooden image.

Light: The illumined portion of an object that gives direct reflection.

Local Color: The true color unaffected by light, shade, distance or reflection.

Mannerism: Any peculiar method of work, especially if carried to excess.

Medium: (1) The material and method used by an artist, as painting, engraving, etching. (2) The liquid used by a painter to thin his colors.

Modernism: Any movement in modern life or thought using advanced methods in dealing with great questions. For meaning as applied to art, see pages 228, 229.

Monochrome: Of one color.

Motive: That which inspires the conception of a picture. See pages 34, 160 and 209.

Neo-Impressionism: See page 227.

Perspective: The art of making such a representation of an object on a plain surface as shall present the same appearance that the object itself would present to the eye when seen from a particular point; or in other words it is drawing things as they appear.

Post-Impressionism: A term credited to Roger Fry about 1910. See pages 224, 227.

Realism: See pages 15, 27, 36, 66, 192, 200 and 212.

Relief: The apparent projection of an object from the plane surface.

Romantic: Opposed to classic: Middle Ages as opposed to Greece and Rome. That which portrays much feeling.

Schools of Painting: See pages 121, 139, and Appendix on Schools of Painting.

Scrumbling: The process of passing a thin film of opaque color over another but so as not to cover it completely.

Style: See page 46.

Symbolism: See pages 116 and 148.

Symmetry: See pages 37 and 150.

Technique: Method of execution. See pages 59, 66 and 96.

Texture: Imitation of the surface of an object. See page 202.

Values: The relationships of lights and darks and color intensities throughout a picture. See pages 19, 20, 30, 80 and 117.

Vehicle: Any liquid used to dilute colors so as to make them spread more or less easily as desired: Medium.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF PAINTERS

This table shows the Masters commonly accepted as having produced the greatest works, and as having done the most for the advancement of their art, in the order in which they were born, with very brief characterizations.

NAME OF PAINTER	AGE AT DEATH	SCHOOL	REMARKS
Cimabue, 1240–1302	62	Primitive	"The father of Italian painting."
Giotto, 1266–1337	61	Primitive	An early genius of great power.
Botticelli, 1446–1510	64	Florentine	Shows more freedom and imagination.
Leonardo da Vinci, 1452–1519	57		Learned, original, and universal.
Michelangelo Buonarrotti, 1474–1564	90	Florentine	Noted for sublimity and power.
Titian, 1477–1576	99	Venetian	Glowing color; mingled thought and feeling.
Raphael Sanzio, 1483–1520	37	Florentine	Ideal harmonist, supreme in composition.
Andrea del Sarto, 1486–1530	45	Florentine	Called the "faultless painter."
Correggio, 1494–1534	40	Parma	Great portrayer of the beauty and color of the human form.
Hans Holbein, 1497–1543	46	German	Greatest of the German renaissance.
Tintoretto, 1518–1594	76	Venetian	Large canvases full of figures, tumult and fire.
Paul Veronese, 1528–1588	60	Venetian	Decorative works of size and scale.
Guido Reni, 1575–1642	67	Eclectic	Sentimental work of the decline.
Peter Paul Rubens, 1577–1640	63	Flemish	Robust life and color with dignity and grace.
Frans Hals, 1584–1666	82	Dutch	Strong and virile, broad and sure, gave a sense of real life to everything.
Claude Lorrain, 1600–1682	82	French	Landscapes with ships, trees, and figures, painted with color and atmosphere.
Velasquez, 1599–1660	61	Spanish	The greatest of the Spaniards—realist, low colors.
Van Dyck, 1599–1641	42	Flemish	Canvases of distinction and refinement.
Rembrandt, 1606–1669	63	Dutch	Painter of light and shadow.

NAME OF PAINTER	AGE AT DEATH	SCHOOL	REMARKS
David Teniers, the Younger, 1610–1690	80	Flemish	Peasants and genre subjects.
Vermeer of Delft, 1632–1675	43	Dutch	Luminous landscape and genre works.
Hobbema, 1638–1709	71	Dutch	Landscapes, highways and buildings.
Murillo, 1618–1682	64	Spanish	Religious subjects and street boys.
Paul Potter, 1625–1673	48	Dutch	Animals realistically painted.
Jacob van Ruisdael, 1636–1681	57	Dutch	Mountains, woods and torrents.
Jan Steen, 1636–1689	53	Dutch	Still-life effects in tavern scenes; coarse humor.
Antoine Watteau, 1684–1721	37	French	Fashionable scenes in parks.
William Hogarth, 1697–1764	67	English	A great preacher in paint.
Jean Baptist Chardin, 1699–1779	80	French	Prëeminent in still-lifes of fidelity and charm.
Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723–1792	69	English	Portraiture.
Thomas Gainsborough, 1727–1788	61	English	Individual in his work: portraits.
Jacques Louis David, 1748–1825	77	French	Reviver of classical school in France.
Gilbert Stuart, 1755–1828	63	American	Famous for portraits of Washington.
Madame Le Brun, 1755–1842	87	French	Portraits of the nobility.
Turner, 1775–1851	76	English	Landscapes of brilliant color.
John Constable, 1776–1837	61	English	Father of English landscape.
Corot, 1796–1875	79	Barbizon	Mists of morning: tonal painting.
Sir Edwin Landseer, 1802–1873	71	English	Great painter of animals.
Millet, 1814–1875	61	French	Painter of peasants and rural life.
Meissonier, 1815–1891	71	French	Genre subjects mostly very small.
Daubigny, 1817–1878	61	French	River landscapes and dark trees.
Rosa Bonheur, 1822–1899	77	French	Animal painter of great power.
Puvis de Chavannes, 1824–1898	74	French	Decorations in delicate tones.
Manet, 1833–1884	51	Impressionist	Simplified figures of power.
Cézanne, 1839–1906	67	Modernist	Founder of modern methods.

LIST OF PROPER NAMES

Pronounced and Defined

Æsop, or Esop (ē'sop). A Greek fable-writer.

Baiæ (bā'yē). A seaport near Naples, Italy.
Barbizon (bär-bi-sôn'). A village and forest near Paris.
Bartolome (bär-tō'-lom-me). A Florentine painter.
Beethoven (bā'to-ven). A celebrated German composer of music.
Bellini (bel-lē'nē). A Venetian painter.
Bellows (bel'-ōz) George. Noted American painter.
Bonheur (bo-nėr'). Rosa, A French animal painter.
Borghese (bor-gā'se). A palace in Rome.
Botticelli (bot-tē-chel'lē). An Italian painter.
Bouguereau (bög-rō'). A French painter.
Braque (bräk). French Modernist painter.
Breda (brā-dä').
Burgundy (bėr'gun-di). A part of western Europe.

Cadore (kä-dō'-e). A town near Venice.
Cazin (ka-zaṅ'). A French painter.
Cézanne (sā-zan') Paul. Founder of Modernism.
Chardin (shär-dä). A French painter.
Chenavard (she-nä-vär'). A French painter.
Cimabue (chē-mä-bö'ā). An early Florentine painter.
Colchis (kōl'-kis). A country of ancient geography, in Asia.
Constable (kun'-sta-bl). An English painter.
Corot (ko-rō'). A French painter.
Correggio (kor-red'jō). An Italian painter.

Daubigny (dō-bēn-yi'). A French painter.
Davies (dā'-vēz) Arthur B. Noted American painter.
Da Vinci (dä-vin'chē). An Italian painter.
Delacroix (de-lä-krwä'). A French painter.
Delaroche (de-lä-rosh'). A French historical painter.
Derain (dē-rāṅ'). French Modernist painter.
Doge (dō-je). The name given to early rulers of Venice.
Dolce, Carlo (dol'chē). A Florentine painter.
Dürer (dü'rer). A famous German painter.

El Greco (el grā'-ko). Spanish painter and sculptor, born about 1548.
Emil (ā-mēl'). A Danish surname.

Emmaus (em'ā-us). A village in Palestine.
Eyck (īk). Jan van, a Flemish painter.

Fontainebleau (fôṅ-tān-blō'). A town in France near Paris.
Fortuny (fōr-tö'nē). A Spanish painter.
François (froṅ-swä'). A French surname.
Friedland (frēd'länt). A town in Bohemia.

Gauguin (gō'-gan) Paul. French Post-Impressionist painter.
Genevieve (jen-e-vēv'). A poetic heroine.
Gérôme (zhā-rōm'). A French painter.
Ghent (gent). A town in Belgium.
Giotto (jot'tō). An early Florentine painter, architect and sculptor.
Goethe (gė'-te). A famous German poet.
Greuze (grėz). A French painter.

Haarlem (här'lem). A town in Holland.
Hals (häls). A Dutch painter.
Henri (hen'-rī) Robert. Noted American painter.
Hobbema (hob'be-mä). A Dutch landscape painter.
Holbein (hol'bīn). A German painter.
Hooch (höch). A Dutch painter.

Ingres (aṅg'r). A French painter.
Israels (ēz-rä-āls'). A modern painter of the Belgian school.

Lebrun (lėbrůn') Madame. A French painter.
Leichtenstein (lēch'ten-stīn). A principality in Europe.
Leyden (lī'-den). A city in Holland.
Lille (lēl). A city in France.
Lippi (lēp'pe). An Italian painter.
Lorraine (lo-rān). A region on the border between France and Germany.
Louvre (lövr). A palace and gallery of art in Paris.
Luxembourg (lük-soṅ-bör'). A palace and gallery of modern art in Paris.

Matisse (mȧ-tēs') Henri. French Modernist painter and sculptor.
Medea (mē-dē'ä). A sorceress of Greek legend.
Medici (med'ē-chē or mā'dē-chē). An Italian family.
Meissonier (mā-sō-nyā). A French painter.
Mendelssohn (men'dels-sōn). A celebrated German composer of music.
Michelangelo (mī-kel-an'je-lō). A famous Italian sculptor, painter, architect and poet.
Milan (mi-lan' or mil'an). A city in Italy.
Millais (mil-lā'). An English painter.
Millet (mī-lā'). A French painter.
Milo (mī'lo). An Island of Greece. Milo is the Italian name, Melos (mē'los) the English equivalent.

Monet (mō-nē'). A French painter.
Mozart (mō'zärt, German pronunciation is mō'tsärt). A German musician and composer.
Murillo (mū-ril'o, Spanish pronunciation is mö-rēl'yo). A famous Spanish painter.

Palazzo Vecchio (pä-lät'sō vek'kē-ō). A palace in Florence.
Pasteur (pȧs-ter') Louis. French chemist who discovered cure for hydrophobia.
Perugino (pā-rö-jē'nō). An Italian painter.
Picasso (pē-käs'-sō) Pablo. Spanish-French painter and sculptor.
Pisa (pē'zä). A city in Italy.
Poissy (pwä-sē'). A town in France.
Polyphemus (pol-i-fē'mus). In Greek legend a one-eyed giant.
Prado (prä'dō). The chief gallery of art in Madrid.
Praxiteles (praks-it'e-lēz). A celebrated Greek sculptor.
Puvis de Chavannes (pü-vēz' dė-shä-van'). A French painter.

Raphael (rä'fā-el). A celebrated Italian painter.
Rousseau (rö-sō) Jacques, a French painter.
Ruisdael (rois'däl). An early Dutch landscape painter.
Ryks (rīks). Celebrated art gallery at Amsterdam, Holland.

Santa Croce (san'tä krō chē). A church in Florence.
Seville (sā vēl). A city in Spain.
Sibyl (sib'il). In ancient mythology, certain women reputed to possess special powers of prophecy.
Sistine (sis'tin). A chapel in the Vatican palace named from Pope Sixtus IV who constructed it.
Sorbonne (sor-bon'). A house in the University of Paris.

Téméraire (tē-mā-rār'). A ship captured from the French in the battle of the Nile, 1798.
Teniers (ten'yėrz). A Flemish painter.

Uffizi (öf-fēt'sē). The gallery of art at Florence.

Van Dyck (van-dīk'). A famous Flemish painter.
Van Gogh (van ċhóch) Vincent. Dutch Post-Impressionist painter.
Vasari (vä-sä'rē). An Italian painter and writer.
Velasquez (Vā-läs'keth). A celebrated Spanish painter.
Veronese (vā-rō-nā'ze). An Italian painter.
Vlaminck (vla-mink). Belgian Modernist painter.

INDEX

NOTE: A is used for Appendix and Gl. for Glossary.

Accessories, 16, 160, Gl.
Æsop, 35.
Age of Innocence, 55.
Alchemist, 202–208.
Allegory, 180, 190.
America, 10, A.
Anatomy, 68, 169.
Animal pictures, 57–73.
Arrangement, 7, 66, 150.
Atmosphere, 74, 76, 79, 80, 94.

Baby Stuart, 21.
Balance, 37, 66.
Barbizon, 220, 225, 230 A.
Beggar boys, 14–47.
Bellini, 121.
Boecklin, 13.
Bonheur, Rosa, 57, *65–73*.
Botticelli, 12, A.
Bouguereau, A.
Breadth, 34, 35, 36, Gl.
Breton, 222.
Brush work, 35, 66.
Burne-Jones, A.

Carry, 36, 170.
Cézanne, 225–229.
Character, 4, 15, 16, 17, 25.
Chardin, A.
Chavannes, Puvis de, 12, *190–199*.
Chiaroscuro, 172, Gl.
Child life, pictures of, 18, 21, 23, 32–36, 132, 147, 152, 159, 168.
Christmas, 163.
Cimabue, 12, 134, A.
Classic, A.
Colors, 117, 118, 121, 164, A.
Composition, 7, 37, 149, Gl.
Constable, 12, 76, *83–93*, 224, 225.
Copley, 12, A.
Cornfield, 84, 86.
Corot, 12, 76, *102–111*, A.
Correggio, 12, 163–169.
Cubists and Cubism, 224, 228.

Da Vinci, 9, 12, 76, 121, *135–146*, 182, A.
David, 12, A.
Davies, Arthur B., 230.
Decoration, 177–199.
Delacroix, 57, A.
Derain, 228.
Don Carlos Baltasar, 32–37, 38.
Drawing, 4, 10, 35, 57, 62, 67, 96, 121, 158.
Dufy, 228.
Dürer, 12, 228, A.
Dutch painting, 9, 25–31, 57, 200, 201, A.

Eclectics, A.
El Greco, 229.
Emblems, 148.
Emotion, A.
English painting, 10, 47–56, 58–65, 209–215, A.
Exactness in painting, 15, 16, 122, 123.
Expressionists, 224, 225.
Ethical Topics.
  Ambition, 70.
  Aspiration, 209.

Ethical Topics—(contd.)
Character, 4, 15, 16, 17, 25, 46, 54, 55, 57.
Courage, 5, 45, 131.
Duty, 219.
Fidelity, 60.
Friendship, 60, 106, 146, 155.
Generosity, 5, 56, 63, 101, 106, 110.
Happiness, 4.
Ideals, 4, *22*.
Industry, 3, 4, 41, 68, 123, 145, 216.
Kindness, 5, 46, 56, 101, 109, 144.
Love of Nature and of the beautiful, 3, 10, 11, 69, 74, 104, 106, 144, 179.
Manners, 56, 122.
Modesty, 62.
Patriotism, 5.
Perseverance, 41, 44, 68, 123, 206.
Riches or Poverty, 25, 70, 81, 218, 219.
Simplicity of Life, 25, 41, 42, 46, 70, 82, 87, 128, 131, 133, 218.
Sincerity, 71, 87.
Thoroughness, 71, 123.
Truthfulness, 72, 131, 132, 133.

Fighting Téméraire, 94–97.
Figure painting, 74, 79.
Flemish painting, 9, 17–24, 170–176, 202–208, A.
Florentine school, 121, 135–162, A.
Foreshortening, 166, 182, Gl.
Form in painting, 121.
Fortuny, 13, A.
Fra Angelico, 134, A.
French painting, 9, 10, 65–73, 76–83, 102–111, 122–133, 215–223.
Fresco, 169, 177–199.
Friedland, 122–127.
Futurists, *224*, *225*.

Gainsborough, 12.
Gauguin, *225*, *227*.
Generalization, 77, 78, 193, Gl.
Genre painting, 200–223, A.
German school, A.
Gérôme, 12, 57, A.
Giorgione, 121, A.
Giotto, 12, 134, A.
Goya, A.

Hals, Franz, 9, 12, *22*, 23, 201, A.
Hambidge, Jay, *228*.
Harmony, 20, 36, Gl., A.
Henri, Robert, *226*, *230*.
Historical subjects, 39, 92, 95, 98, 112, 122–133.
Hobbema, 12, 200, A.
Hogarth, 12, *209–215*, A.
Holbein, 12, A.
Holy Night, 163–166.
Horse Fair, 65–69.
How a painting is made, 6–8, *24*.
Hunt, Holman, 12, A.

Idealist, 15, *27*, 36, 77, 158.
Impressionism, 102, *230*, A.
Inness, George, A.
Inventors of oil-painting, A.
Israels, 12.
Italy, 9, 52, see also, Florentine, Venetian, Lombard, etc.

Landseer, 12, *56–65*.
Landscape painting, 74–111, 118, 191, 194, 195, 200, 206.
Last supper, 135–141.
Legendary subjects, 95, 98, 112–122.
Liber Veritatis, 83.
Line in painting, 121.
Lombard school, 163–169.
Lorrain, Claude, 9, 12, *76–83*, 85, A.
Love of Nature and the beautiful, 69, 74, 104, 106, 144, 179.
Love for pictures, 3, 10, 11.

Manet, A.
Mannerists, A.

Marriage contract, 209–212.
Matisse, 228.
Medea and Venus, 113–118.
Meissonier, 122–133, A.
Memling, 12, A.
Michelangelo, 9, 12, 52, 121, 135, 154, 156, *179–189,* A.
Millais, 13, A.
Millet, 13, *215–223,* A.
Modern Art,
  Attitude of approach, 226–227.
  Charletans, 225, 229.
  Exponents of, 225–230.
  Leaders of movement, 227–228.
  Principles of, 228–229.
  Schools of, 224, 225, 227, 228.
Mona Lisa, 139, 140, 144.
Monet, Claude, A.
Motive, 34, 160, 209, Gl.
Murillo, 9, 12, *41–47,* A.
Music and painting, 4, 20, 104.
Mystery, 25, 106.

Neo-Impressionists, 227.
Night Watch, 30, 31.

Old Monarch, 66.

Perspective, 180, 182, Gl.
Perugino, 135, 153, 154.
Picasso, 228.
Portraits, 14–31, 33, 34, 35, 38, 50, 61, 120, 140, 155, 159.
Post-Impressionists, 224, 227.
Potter, Paul, 57.
Pre-Raphaelite, A.
Prices of paintings, 140, 141.
Primitives, 134, A.
Pyramid, 149, 150.

Raphael, 9, 12, 121, 135, *146–157,* 179, A.
Realist, 15, 27, 36, 66, 192, 212, Gl., A.
Religious paintings, *134–176.*
Rembrandt, 9, 12, *25–31,* 201, A.
Renaissance, 135, 188, A.
Repose, 78.
Reynolds, 12, *47–56.*
Romantic school, A.
Rossetti, A.
Rousseau, 12, A.
Rubens, 9, 12, *170–176,* A.
Ruisdael, 12, A.

Salient, 105, 151.
Sargent, 12.
Sarto, Andrea del, 12, 154, *158–163,* A.
Schools of painting, 121, 139, 224–228, A.
Selection, 6, 7, 88, 150.
Silhouette, 14.
Sistine chapel, 179–189.
Sistine Madonna, 146–153.
Spanish painting, 9, 32–47, A.
Steen, Jan, 12, 201, A.
Still life, 201, 202, 204, 205, A.
Story of painting, 9–12.
Story-telling pictures, 59, 229.
Strawberry girl, 47–50.
Stuart, Gilbert, 12, A.
Style, 46.
Symbolism, 116, 148, Gl.
Symmetry, 37, 150, Gl.
Synchronists, 224.

Technique, 59, 66, 96.
Teniers, 12, 201, *202–208,* A.
Texture, 202.
Tintoretto, 15, 52, 121, A.
Titian, 9, 12, 52, *113–122,* 169, A.
Troyon, A.
Turner, J. M. W., 12, *94–102,* A.

Utrillo, 228.

Values, 19, 20, 30, 80, 117.
Van Dyck, Frontispiece, 9, 12, *17–24,* 201, A.
Van Eyck, A.
Van Gogh, 225, 227.
Vatican, 154.
Velasquez, 9, 12, *32–40,* 59, 79, A.
Venetian, *113–122,* A.
Vermeer, Jan, 201.
Veronese, 121, A.
Vlaminck, 228.
Vorticists, 224.

968044

Watteau, 9, 12, A.
West, Benjamin, 12, A.
Whistler, 12.
William II of Nassau, 17–19.
Wyant, A.

Yeames, Sir Wm. F., 130–133.
Young, St. John, 158–160.

MARYGROVE COLLEGE
3 1927 00080723 7

DATE DUE

GAYLORD PRINTED IN U.S.A.

MARYGROVE
LIBRARY
DETROIT, MI.